WHAT THE NAZIS SAY ABOUT AMERICAN PUBLIC LIBRARIES

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THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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"THOROFARE"
by Christopher Morley
Reviewed by Struthers Burt

"WE TOOK TO THE WOODS"
by Louise Dickinson Rich
Reviewed by Donald Culross Peattie

"THE TECHNIQUES OF DEMOCRACY"
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"THE WAR IN MAPS"
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"TIME OF PEACE"
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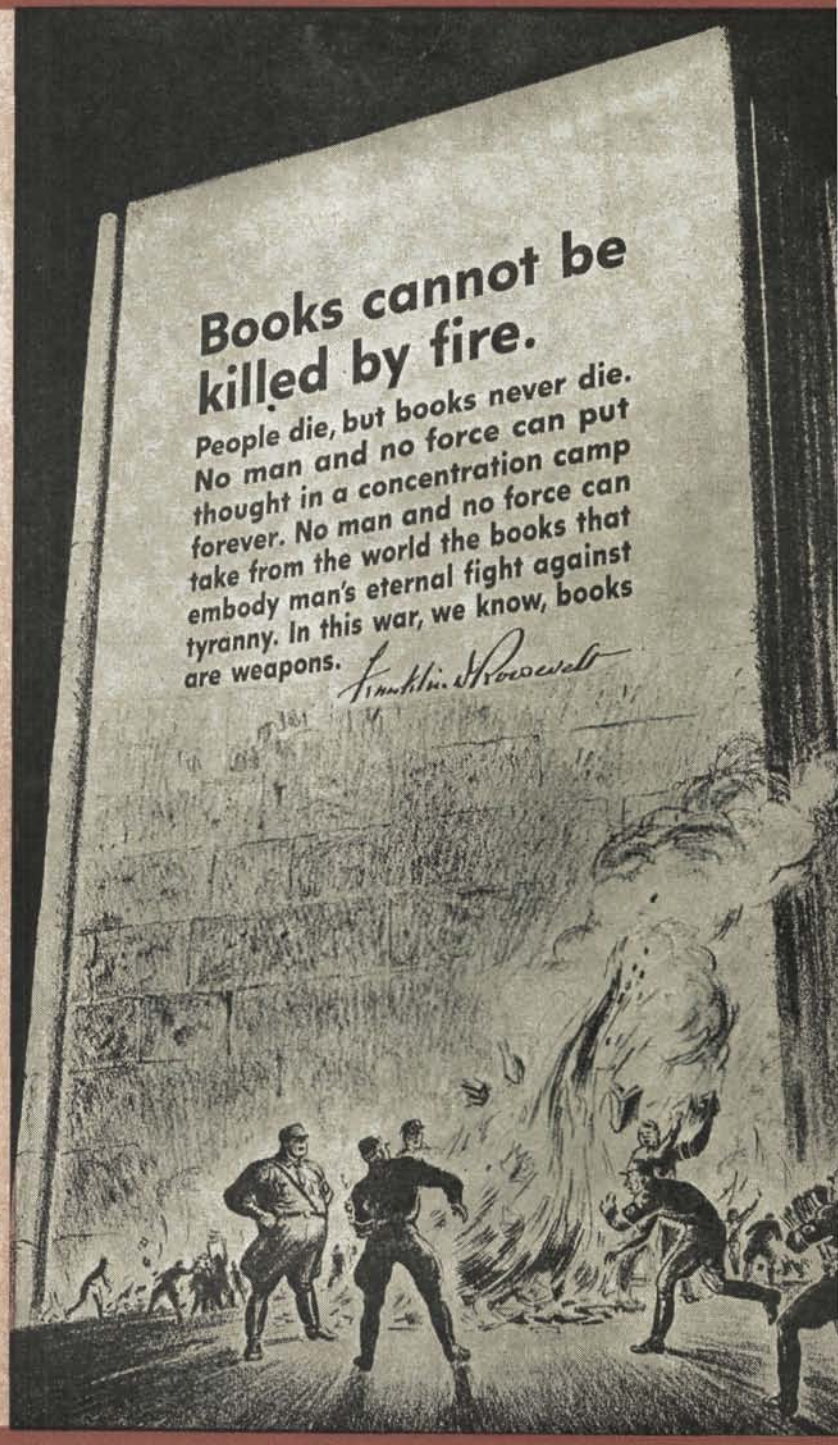
"NIGHT SHIFT"
by Maritta Wolff
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman


Books cannot be killed by fire.
People die, but books never die. No man and no force can put thought in a concentration camp forever. No man and no force can take from the world the books that embody man's eternal fight against tyranny. In this war, we know, books are weapons.
Franklin D. Roosevelt

America's view of book burning is dramatized in this OWI poster. What Germany thinks of book reading in America is told on page 3.

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"I do not remember any literary history recently to appear that is more judicious or more sensitive."

—HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Saturday Review

ON NATIVE GROUNDS

An Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature

Alfred Kazin

"I know of no literary history of the last half-century which moves so rapidly, is so full of original insights. Here, at last, is literary criticism that is something more than academic muttering. Here is a fresh voice."
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ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE

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—*Saturday Review.*

"Fresh, sane, original, unintimidated by fashionable shibboleths or the intellectual arrogances of older and less reasonable men. Mr. Kazin cuts his own path through the literary woods and doesn't care in the least where the chips fall."—Orville Prescott, *N.Y. Times.*

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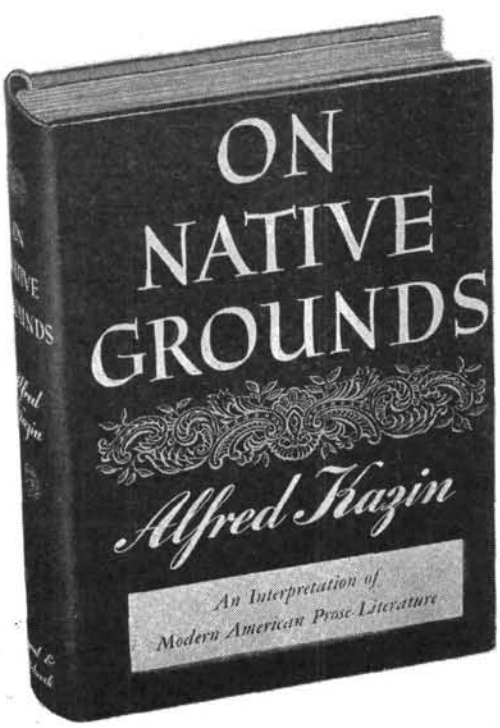

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What the Nazis Say About American Libraries

A German View of American Public Libraries as Instruments in the Shaping of Political Control

DR. HANS THIERBACH

One of the most unusual items to appear in print in the ten-year history of Nazi Germany is the following article by Dr. Hans Thierbach, originally titled "American Public Libraries as Instruments in the Shaping of Political Control." It is reprinted and translated from Geist der Zeist, *October,* 1941. *It is a rare specimen, for it is in effect a tribute to the United States for its library service. The article is published here with the coöperation of the American Library Association and the Library Service Division of the U. S. Office of Education.*

THE rapid process of urbanization in the United States has brought with it changes in patterns of living, of work, and of social stratification—all closely related to new values in educational matters. Technological change has created a need for special trade skills, forcing many hundreds of thousands to broaden their knowledge of special fields. Here the American library has understood how to increase existent interest, and to use it for its own ends, by means of suitable propaganda methods and appropriate book exhibits, distribution of reading lists and library bulletins, etc. It is suggested to every reader that the library is run for him alone, as if it were his own property. At the loan desks, for instance, there are special posters such as: "If you have to wait more than 20 minutes for a book, complain!" and "The library is grateful for all constructive criticisms." Public libraries with their comfortable reading rooms, children's rooms, roof gardens, and music rooms perform a very special function for these people.

There are special business libraries in the business sections of the larger cities where one may find everything from telephone directories to time tables, and from travel guides to atlases. Most public libraries have, in addition, their own lecture halls where special courses are given. These courses are of the type which in Germany are usually associated with the "peoples' universities." All this has led to book lending on a scale which has no parallel anywhere else in the world. There are more than 10,000 libraries in the United States with joint book holdings of over 200,000,000 volumes, of which about one-half are in the "public libraries" and the rest are in university, state, school, and association libraries, etc. During 1934, the "public libraries" together lent approximately 450,000,000 volumes, *i.e.,* Americans read 3.67 publicly owned books per capita. The per capita reading in German "popular libraries" was 0.28 in 1938; thus the American loans were 13 times as great as the German.

At first glance it is astonishing that the use of libraries has acquired such tremendous proportions in a country where "intellectual pursuits" have no special privileges; where, as a rule, they are not more remunerative than skilled labor, and where they have no more social prestige than do pursuits which require no basic intellectual training. The answer to this may be found in the following circumstance. The American educational system makes it possible for anyone to continue interrupted training at a later date. There is no point at which this training must stop. A teacher in an elementary school can always become a teacher in a higher educational institution by passing appropriate examinations. That is why one repeatedly sees grey-haired men diligently working at their further education in American libraries.

The extraordinary growth of trade schools and technical courses of all types, and the increased refinement and specialization within the natural sciences require an ever-broadening theoretical background. Libraries were particularly stimulated by this development. There have been legal provisions for public support of public libraries in the United States since 1848—at first in Massachusetts and later in other states. The bloody Civil War of 1861-1864 retarded this development, but the victory of the Northern States carried with it to victory the idea of universal popular education. With prosperity in the North, a new class of millionaires came into being, which helped the development of the public library idea. One man alone—Carnegie—provided the buildings for several thousand libraries; and there is a large number of benefactors who have given expensive books and special collections or reading rooms to their public libraries.

IT is a fundamental American belief that every man is capable of acquiring an education. American library work has always aimed to serve all the people; it has never known a period when the authorities were concerned with "the lower classes"—a preoccupation which was characteristic of many European countries during the nineteenth century. Under such conditions, this makes skilfully directed library policy all the stronger in its effects on the whole population. Because of their great responsiveness to the wishes of readers on the one hand, and because of their outspoken missionary zeal for the democratic ideal and complete exclusion of all German national socialist literature on the other, American libraries may exert political influence which can hardly be overestimated.

The public library pays special attention to the new immigrant. This fact is all the more noteworthy because in most other respects the newcomer is disregarded to an unparalleled extent. In no other country are foreigners and those unfamilar with the native

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tongue so disregarded, or indeed have so few rights, in many respects, as in the United States. The many immigrants from Russia, Poland, and the Balkans who poured into America in ever-increasing streams at the end of the last century are, because of their ignorance and low social level, responsible for this special disregard of foreigners in American public life. As a rule, immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe are able to improve their status only in the second and third generation.

The public library early recognized collaboration in the intellectual and political influencing of this mass of unassimilated immigrants as one of its national tasks. The striving for the intellectual and political values of the new life by the immigrant was the more intense because Americans place special emphasis on these values. The War of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights are, in the eyes of all Americans, historical accomplishments without parallel. The immigrant too must be convinced of the excellence of the American form of government and the American way of life.

LARGE public libraries of cities such as New York and Chicago, where most of the unassimilated immigrants are found, have set up special branches so that they may better undertake education of these immigrants. In New York, for instance, the Germans, the Italians, the Russians, the Spaniards, etc. each live in special parts of the city. A special branch library is set up in each of these areas, with a book collection fitted to the nationality prevailing there. Thus in the library in the Italian quarter there are many books in Italian and the librarians know Italian. It is attempted, quite systematically, first to loan the immigrant books in his own language about America and later to hand him illustrated works with simple English text. The libraries arrange for special language courses and in connection with these courses lend a long list of books having to do with the topics discussed. Since there is a great need for very simple English texts on the immigrant's educational level, the libraries have arranged for the writing of a whole series of such works, *e.g.*, a biography of George Washington, the highlights of American history, etc. These works avoid all complicated sentence structure and are limited to vocabulary which may be mastered easily within a few months. The American Library Association has issued a series of special book lists to facilitate library work with the foreign-born. Among these are such lists as *Easy Books for New Americans, The German Immigrant and his Reading,* and *Reading Service to the Foreign-born.* The last-named list was compiled by a committee of the A.L.A. which is concerned exclusively with problems of library work with the "foreign-born."

Very special attention is paid to the indoctrination of children born abroad, and work towards Americanization is most successful in this field. Children accustomed to primitive conditions feel almost as if they were in another world when in a children's room provided with every comfort. They identify becoming an American with achievement of membership in this world of comfort and unlimited opportunity for further education. This is one of the chief reasons why the Americanization process frequently proceeds so rapidly. The American library does all in its power to promote, through the intellectual approach, the inner drive for advancement found in all men. Assimilation is synonymous with social advancement.

The New York Public Library has 45 branches with book resources from 20,000 to 70,000 each. Some of them have collections of books in Czech and Yiddish in numbers which certainly could not be found in the home-towns of the immigrants. Librarians who deal regularly with the foreign-born receive special training. As a rule, they are themselves children of immigrants who still understand their parents' language but have been graduated from American schools. Their primary concern is to attract the immigrant to the library. For this reason, there are placards in various languages, in the immigration reception centers and the various aid bureaus, inviting the prospective citizen to visit the nearest branch library. The immigrant ordinarily feels so isolated in the strange land that he is happy that anyone shows an interest in him. The public library also coöperates with the various missions and with the Y.M.C.A. and new readers are referred to the library by these agencies.

Drastic reduction in immigration made it possible to intensify educational work with the new immigrants. Much greater attention could be given to the individual, to prepare a special course of reading for him, and to develop his knowledge of English systematically by courses of instruction. The fact that, in New York especially, Jewish librarians are detailed for this work merits special attention. Because of their knack for languages and because of their exceedingly high American patriotism, they are welcome apostles of American ideals. The heavy influx of Jewish intellectuals after 1933, especially from Germany, is of particular significance to American library policy. Many Jews have found

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positions as librarians and use their influence in overt enmity to Germany. This activity of Jewish librarians, who come forward as the guardians of the "true German cultural heritage," has decided effects on the intellectual unity of the "Folk-German" in America.

A search through the catalogues of American libraries for translations of works from the German shows recurrence of such titles as Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," Emil Ludwig-Cohn's "Wilhelm II" and "Bismarck," and the works of Jacob Wassermann, Thomas Mann, Stephan Zweig, Alfred Neumann, Lion Feuchtwanger, etc. The New York Public Library lends over 12,000,000 volumes per year, and yet of the 150 most popular titles lent during 1935 eleven were the works of German emigrants. On the other hand, translations of Grimm's "Volk ohne Raum," Werner Beumelburg's "Gruppe Bosemüller," and the works of Zöberlein, Blunck, Brehm, Dwinger, Walter Flex, etc., to name only a few which are found in every German "popular library," are lacking.

The World War completely stopped the importation of German works into America for many years; then there was a brief increase which has changed to a continuing decline since 1929. In this same period since the World War, more than 400,000 Germans have emigrated to the United States. The decline of German book exports to the United States is shown by the following figures: in 1925 RM 5,085,000,000 worth of books were sold to the United States, in 1934 the volume was only RM 1,539,000,000. The book selection policy of American libraries mirrors the great tragedy of the "Folk-German" in the United States. Of the many millions of Germans in the country only a few still need to read books in German. It is probable that, if the wish for German books were repeatedly and forcefully expressed, public libraries would, in meeting the wishes of its readers, purchase German books or at least books about Germany or by German authors. However, estrangement from the German homeland and assimilation into the American scene appear to be unavoidable facts which we can only confirm with sorrow. It is therefore doubtful that the "Folk-German" can force a different library policy from that which now prevails; and that means Americanization.

This makes the influence of English book production upon American library buying policies all the greater. Not one of the larger libraries in the United States lacks "The Failure of a Mission" by the former British ambassador to Berlin, or "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill's American name-

(*Continued on page* 16)

Morleyism and Geoffrey Barton

THOROFARE: A NOVEL. By Christopher Morley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1942. 469 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THIS is the quintessence of Christopher Morley; of Morleyism—one can invent a word for an important occasion—and of all Christopher Morley has meant and will continue to mean to American letters, which is a great deal, and it will delight his thousands of admirers and puzzle, and in some cases, even irritate the contrary minded. The latter in their higher brackets are those who prefer directness and sparseness in the written word and a clearly defined point of view, and, in their lower and more careless and ignorant brackets, those who do not really know what a novel is and consider as basic require-

Christopher Morley has been careful to call his latest work of fiction a novel.

ments a carefully articulated plot, the clash of characters, or, as the editors of the more popular magazines put it, "conflict," and mounting excitement. But all this, of course, is not in the great tradition, and is merely incidental; it may be there or it may not be—a carefully articulated plot, conflict, and so on—and has nothing to do with what a novel actually is, and, especially, nothing to do with its worth.

No one actually knows what a novel is, and no one has ever been able accurately to define what to me, at least, seems by far the most important form of prose writing, for at any moment I will indulge in a heated argument with anyone who refuses to recognize that the novel since its emergence has had a greater impact, if a more secret one, upon the human mind and therefore upon the course of events, than any other method of putting words together save poetry. E. M. Forster, who has written possibly the best book on the novel in existence, after much research and thought and discussion, throws up the sponge and comes to the conclusion that the best, in fact, the only possible definition, is any long piece of prose, and Arnold Bennett, himself a master, decided that the crux of the question was sharp and interesting delineation of character, which cannot help but produce inevitable conflict and drama, however normal and un-emphasized, and which cannot help but be life. Possibly the simplest definition, or rather explanation, since there is no definition, lies in the derivation of the word itself which comes from the Italian word novello, and means news. News of what? Of people, of how they live, what they think; of the period in which they live, of its effect upon them, of their effect upon it, to which can be added almost at will, but very much according to the personality of the novelist, all manner of subsidiary proofs and reaffirmations and interpretations such as atmosphere, color, events, episodes, and minor and contributing persons who touch in various ways the leading characters.

Finally, back of the book and of determining weight, is the novelist himself; the selector, the arranger, the filter of this particular bit of life, if life it is, so much so that this is a touchstone and ten to one if you do not like the book you will not like its author. This is no critical phantasy but a human and literary fact. A novel is the most intimate form of communication between a writer and his audience.

In any case, and as proof of what I am saying, it is interesting and significant that Christopher Morley has been careful to add, as the sub-title of this latest book of his, the two words, "a novel." It is as if he were anticipating argument, something that never hurt a writer's sales or reputation, and there is not the slightest doubt that he will get it, just as he has had it throughout the three decades of his distinguished career. You cannot be such a well-rounded and distinct individual, you cannot have such a marked style of your own, you cannot so determinedly do exactly what you want and what you think should be done, without having numerous people for or against you. To put it more conclusively, you cannot write an important book, especially a novel, without having people take sides in all manner of ways, and if they don't take sides then it's a proof you haven't written an important book, especially a novel.

On the jacket of "Thorofare" there is a short paragraph which says "This

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is the story of Geoffrey Barton, an English boy who came to the United States, and his adventures of mind and feeling in the years until he became an American citizen," and that's about all there is to the plot and all that need be said about it. It is enough, for such a plot is at the basis of the great tradition and forms what can be loosely called the picaresque novel which is perhaps the novel's best expression; into this category come such novels as "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," "Tom Jones," "Henry Esmond," and a further galaxy of great names. Actually, of course, picaresque means "dealing with rogues or picaroons" and was first used to describe the Spanish and English novels of the seventeenth century with their fondness for heroes at odds with the world. But the term can be used nowadays, it seems to me, for any novel which focuses upon a single character moving, for a longer or shorter period, against the background of a shifting, and casual, and often adventitious world. Moreover, shown in this fashion, the world is inevitably in most ways an antagonist of the protagonist, shaping him or her, surely wounding him or her, and as surely in many ways delighting. It is hardly necessary to add, that all men and women, especially when young, have much of the rogue and pirate in them, or else they would be totally unable to meet on any terms at all a life which is so large and strong when they are so small and weak.

"Thorofare," being a Morley book, also has a theme, the contrast between English ways and American ways, between the sweet close land of England and the sweet, wide, inherently a trifle wild land of America, and the hero, transplanted, and growing from boyhood to young manhood, loves and knows and appreciates both countries just as Christopher Morley does. The title "Thorofare" is symbolic, a further Morley necessity. It is the name of the main street in the little Suffolk village where we first meet Geoffrey Barton—in America the Geoffrey undergoes a sea-change to Jeffery—being brought up by three Quaker aunts. Back to visit this demure and somewhat dim household of Aunt Em, Aunt Allie, Aunt Bee, and the boy Geoffrey comes the bearded and vibrant figure of Uncle Dan who, having taken his degree at Cambridge, had departed a number of years before for America, there to achieve dignity and authority as a professor of English in a Southern city called Chesapeake, readily identified as Baltimore. This time when he returns to Chesapeake he takes with him Geoffrey and Aunt Bee, and the title of the book, "Thorofare," means in its larger and symbolic sense, not the name of a main street in a little Suffolk village, but the great, broad, invisible road of English sympathy, English similarity, concealed in outer difference, of English immigration which crosses the ocean to this other English-speaking land.

The book divides itself into three parts; the Suffolk village and Geoffrey's early boyhood; a most amazing and fascinating and vividly described ocean voyage in the small Red Star steamer *Westernland* from Liverpool to Philadelphia; and Geoffrey's, or Jeff's, school days and college days in Chesapeake, to wit, Baltimore, but this simple scenario allows of limitless observation, witty and closely etched, and of the greatest of all adventures, the meeting of many clearly seen and delightful characters. A parrot is one of them. How much of the book is autobiographical I don't know. I doubt if anyone knows but the author, and I doubt if he will ever explain to any extent. For his partial explanation, once more consult the jacket, but it does not satisfy me. Most of the facts must be fanciful for Christopher Morley himself was born at Haverford College, outside of Philadelphia, and his father was a professor in that honorable and ancient and Orthodox institution of the Friends; a professor born an Englishman. But, to the contrary, most of the thought, the descriptions of people, have the autobiography savor of the authentic. At all events, the book is a real evocation, a real reincarnation of a past, and of people and of places; nostalgic and provocative.

Nor do I even know if Christopher Morley was born a Quaker, although he was born in the soundest of Quaker surroundings, but I do know that in "Thorofare," a further worth, there is a continuous revelation, delightful most of the time, interesting always, occasionally crotchety, erudite, warmly mellow, of that extremely powerful element in American and English life and thought, the Quaker mind; a mind, the purest expression of Protestantism, which, long before the time of George Fox or any formal declaration, produced, and which continues to produce, perhaps the best and most typical of English scholars and critics and, not infrequently, novelists and poets. This mind, the Quaker mind, is tolerant, sometimes even to the point of quiet agnosticism, continually curious and interested, acquisitive, one might almost say, both in the realm of goods and the realm of the mind, and it is richly stored, but, like the houses and warehouses of the Quaker, the façade is plain. To change the simile, like the sober garb of the Quaker, the Quaker mind is likely to be made of the richest cloth. Like a gray coat lined with fur, if you reverse it, you find an extraordinary warmth, an especial play of the imagination turned inwards, an illumination and informed approach that come from an inclination to observe the world rather than to be too greatly a part of it.

"Thorofare" is a rewarding book. It will be a further solid and foursquare stone in the edifice which is Christopher Morley. But it will cause lots of argument.

My Land at War

By Jack Lewi

THIS land—this mighty land—
This spring of ageless rivers—
This seat of towering peaks—
This sweep of fertile valleys and pleasant houses and buildings reaching to the skies—
This is *my* country.
Cradled in greatness—born of a pure intent for Liberty.
Crowned with the jeweled majesty of man's equality to man.
My country—now at war.
At war—in kinship to all other people who hold the same devotion to free men's cause.
This land—this mighty land will feel the thunder of battle but will not crack.
The heat of war will fuse it ever stronger.
Our ageless rivers will flow more mighty—
Fed by the tears of kin whose dearest loves have gone.
Our highest peaks will still point upward—
Steeples, proclaiming *each* his right to choose *his* God—
Our valleys will add new plenty to their abundance, in soil enriched by heat of patriots' blood—
War brings its own relentless, black destruction to those who would destroy—
But to a land whose very creed is building—
War serves as a fierce, relentless proving ground—
Tests the foundations to their deepest roots—
Steels them anew for greater days to come.

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They Refused to Go Home

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS. By Louise Dickinson Rich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1942. 322 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THERE are two sorts of people living the year around in the country (and I mean *country,* not Westchester County, or Lake Forest, Illinois). There are the people who were born and grew up there, and the people who come there because it suits them as city and town life do not. The chief difference is that the people born there think nothing of it, and practically never write a book about how they solved the problems of leading a perfectly normal and in most ways easy existence. Oh, no! They write books, if at all, about how they came to the great city and made good there!

Once in a while a country fellow will remember in ink his childhood on the farm. But his reminiscences sound nothing like Louise Rich's "We Took to the Woods." Mrs. Rich and her husband were not country people, I take it, or she would not head her chapters, "Why Don't You Write a Book?"; "Isn't Housekeeping Difficult?"; "Don't You Ever Get Bored?"; "But How Do You Make a Living?" This last she never answered in a way I understood; she dragged a lot of red herrings across the trail, but I seem to smell the reek of filthy lucre from editorial offices. Her book is therefore the counterpart of the story of the country boy in the city wilderness, and it's one of the most entertaining and authentic of its kind I've read.

The Riches don't farm; more exactly, they are summer visitors who refuse to go home at a time when it's well known all city folks should be tucked safely in their steam-heated apartments. With things the way they look at the approach of the present winter, however, I'd say the Riches, with all the pines in Maine to keep them warm, are going to feel luxurious and pampered. If meat is rationed, they can parboil a porcupine. They may have to take a suite at the New Netherlands Hotel to harden themselves.

Mrs. Rich and her husband took to the woods for reasons not wholly made clear, but I think it's pretty clear that in city life they were probably never their real selves. Every inch of their personalities appears best adapted to rural life. Their equipment for living in the Deep Sticks seems to have insured their success, for he loves any kind of a motor or engine that he can dredge up from the bottom of the lake and turn into a machine to do odd jobs; and she, though she doesn't like to cook and doesn't drive a car, does apparently love a few fast rounds every day with the elements. She likes life without any trimmings; her nose is shiny, by her own account, and she lets it so shine before men; she'd rather have her husband's fly-fishing tackle all over the living-room table than be married to a man with a more useless self-indulgence or hobby than angling.

Louise Dickinson Rich prefers life without trimmings, but likes her husband's fishing tackle on the dining room table.

And she has an equipment that, both as a country woman and a writing woman, stands her in good stead, and that is a sense of humor. She may be tone deaf to good music, as she claims, but never to a good laugh. Most of the books one reads on how to endure existence while living out an eclogue are deadly serious, and I find them dull to the same extent. Mrs. Rich laughs at herself, at her husband, at her children, her cat, her dog, her four decrepit motor vehicles, and the very stones of Maine and their ornery cussedness. So that we chuckle too on almost every page. And Mrs. Rich has wisdom to match her wit. As a writer, she can exercise an accurate and ruthless self-analysis, which amounts to an analysis of the reader too. That is, she finds in herself not what is peculiar, but what is universal.

It's curious what people get out of taking to the woods. Contrast, for instance, with Mrs. Rich's book, "The Maine Woods" by Henry David Thoreau. Well, no, not the style of the two books, but what the two authors saw when looking at approximately the same scene. In vain would one search "We Took to the Woods" for much living Nature. A deer or a porcupine occasionally appears, and there is an exceedingly tame skunk baby. But still you would hardly have known that this was the state with the best wild mammal fauna in the East; hardly a bird sings in these pages, though she must often have heard what is perhaps a finer singer than the nightingale—the hermit thrush. Mrs. Rich alludes to picking wildflowers, but names and describes them never, though the flora of Maine contains some of the most exquisite blossoms on the continent of North America.

But we are given a remarkably complete study of New England rural people. From what little I know—my own experience of living in the deep country was in childhood in the South—I'd say this *dossier* on her Yankee neighbors was the authentic stuff. It is quite a study in town (really township) government, and in a stratum of American society than which there is nothing more American in its way.

I'm still groping around, after many attempts to fathom it, for the main reason why Mrs. Rich took to the woods. She says that for her the secret of happiness is to feel that there are miles and miles of emptiness around her. Well, anybody living west of the Little Bighorn can easily tell her how to increase her happiness ten-fold over what she could ever experience in that way in New England. There are spaces on the Mojave, with a view of the Panamint range—but there, we won't bear down on the point. For, after all, solitude cannot really be what Mrs. Rich is looking for, or she wouldn't have taken a man and his daughter and brought some children of her own into this spot, if that were the idea. I suspect, from her brilliant study of her neighbors, that she left the city so that she could have more people around that she could get to know!

Twenty Fellowships have been awarded to Latin American scholars and artists in the thirteenth annual Latin American Fellowship competition of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. The Foundation's Latin American Fellowships were established in the year 1929 by the late United States Senator Simon Guggenheim and by Mrs. Guggenheim as part of the activities of the Foundation which they set up in 1925, in memory of a son.

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Leading Up to the Explosion

TIME OF PEACE. By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 749 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is a long historical novel dealing with events so recent that we are unable to view them in proper perspective. The period covered, from 1930 to 1941, was one of churning confusion to most Americans, a confusion finally dissipated by the first bomb at Pearl Harbor. A character in this novel who is attempting to write a history of the 1930's probably expresses Williams's intentions when he says, "I was trying to nail down the facts, the day-by-day facts, the actual events which have led up to this war; but now I've decided facts don't matter. The real history of these ten years will be the history, not of what happened, but of what Americans thought was happening, and of their developing mass opinions about world events."

The author's mouthpiece, Mark Worth, is a composite American of the well-to-do upper middle classes, too cultivated and tolerant perhaps to serve as the common denominator of the American mind, but fairly typical of the more reasonable Roosevelt-haters who tried to think things through. Although a Bostonian he is no Pulhamite, and his isolationism results from cynical memories of World War I and its aftermath, not from any sympathy with the cheap slogans of the narrow patrioteers or with those partisans who consider America's role in the international crisis a matter of choice and in some vague way a diabolical machination of a political party. Day by day through the tempestuous decade Mark studies world events until finally he is forced to slough his isolationism entirely and acknowledge the soundness of American foreign policy. Moreover, into his mind creeps a doubt concerning his general disapproval of Roosevelt. His knowledge of history makes him uncomfortably aware of parallels between the enemies of Roosevelt and those of Lincoln. After all, one of the wisest men of the 1860s, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said that there was more virtue in Andrew Johnson's little finger than in Lincoln's loins.

Although it is frankly a propaganda novel, Williams bends over backwards in his Galsworthian impartiality. The German side through seven-eighths of the book is presented in a way satisfactory to the most rabid German apologist. Surely the average intelligent American did not so coolly justify Hitler's attacks on Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland, and Mussolini's occupation of Albania. The faults of Britain and France are italicized, and the relatively mild Versailles Treaty is denounced with Hitlerian vehemence. There is in the book, however, a valuable record of American opinion during those years—ranging from the sensible to the fatuous.

The story itself is easily forgettable, for the author's interest is only secondarily in his characters apart from their position in the world crisis. Mark himself seems to derive more from Warwick Deeping and A. S. M. Hutchinson than from Ben Ames Williams. The novel is swift and forthright (Williams has never joined the teacup-and-saucer or cobweb schools of novelists), not at all subtle. Much of it is headline gossip about the Hitler Age, a record of criticism and surface fears rather than a deep analysis.

The author places "Time of Peace" with his three other novels dealing with American wars, but readers will be inclined to put it alongside the excellent trilogy by Upton Sinclair and the backgrounds-of-war series by Sir Philip Gibbs. Although not so well written as either, it complements both by its thoroughly American accent.

—Drawing by Szyk, from "The New Order."
The Nature of the Enemy

SRL Intercollegiate Literary Survey

THE *Saturday Review* presents herewith the first of a series of polls conducted among the universities of this country on the reading preferences of members of faculties and student bodies. Fifty colleges and universities are participating in this survey, which is operated and directed by a group at the University of North Carolina, headed by Walter Klein, news editor of the *Daily Tar Heel.*

The first *SRL* Intercollegiate Literary Survey lists the twenty-five books most in demand and rating greatest current popularity, among students and members of the faculties. In the Christmas issue of December 5, the Intercollegiate Survey announces the results of its poll on books students and faculties would select as Christmas presents for themselves.

STUDENTS	FACULTY MEMBERS
1. They Were Expendable.	1. They Were Expendable.
2. See Here, Private Hargrove.	2. War and Peace.
3. The Song of Bernadette.	3. Victory Through Air Power
4. Victory Through Air Power.	4. And Now Tomorrow.
5. The Moon Is Down.	5. The Moon Is Down.
6. War and Peace.	6. The Last Time I Saw Paris.
7. The Keys of the Kingdom.	7. American Culture.
8. Dragon Seed.	8. Fiesta in November.
9. The World at My Fingertips.	9. See Here, Private Hargrove.
10. For Whom the Bell Tolls.	10. The Song of Bernadette.
11. The Bridge of San Luis Rey.	11. Drums of the Morning.
12. The Sun Is My Undoing.	12. The White Cliffs of Dover.
13. Strategy for Democracy.	13. East of Farewell.
14. The Last Time I Saw Paris.	14. Heavenward I've Climbed.
15. Oliver Wiswell.	15. Young Man of Caracas.
16. Long Remember.	16. Principles of Lasting Peace.
17. Death Comes to Archbishop.	17. Come Back to Wayne County.
18. Song of Solomon.	18. So Red the Rose.
19. Scott Fitzgerald Collection.	19. Problems of Lasting Peace.
20. Only the Stars Are Neutral.	20. The Witness Tree.
21. Frenchman's Creek.	21. Dragon Seed.
22. How Green Was My Valley.	22. Pied Piper.
23. What's in a Novel.	23. This Above All.
24. The Crying Sisters.	24. Listening House.
25. John Brown's Body.	25. Assignment In Brittany.

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The Fatalism of Maritta Wolff

NIGHT SHIFT. By Maritta Wolff. New York: Random House. 1942. 662 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE acclaim that Maritta Wolff won from the critics with her first novel (which I have not read but most certainly shall) was clearly deserved. She is everything they said of her: vigorous, talented, a brilliant observer, a ruthless realist—naturalist would be the better word—and, best of all, master of a wealth of knowledge and material that she has only begun to turn over. In "Night Shift" all of these qualities are displayed with marvelous ease. The title does not really indicate the book's scope, for although we begin with a brief and dramatic glimpse at one of the shifts in a war factory, we very soon leave this behind; the factory is no more than part of a backdrop.

In a small industrial town live two sisters, Virginia Braun and Sally Otis, with a brother, Joe. They are joined later by a third sister called Petey, a night-club singer. Virginia and Sally are struggling with the endless problem of getting work, to keep alive and out of harm's way. Petey has the worldly savvy she has picked up in half a dozen cities, besides a physical glamor she knows how to use. The town swirls about these three, an atmosphere of monotony, threat, and violence, a treadmill of boarding house, restaurant, hospital, factory, night-club, that Miss Wolff has examined in remarkable detail. She blanches at nothing, and, better than that, she knows what she sees, she knows at once the meaning and the meaninglessness of sudden violence, fear, rape, all the treacheries of living.

If anything appals you, it will be the steady fatalism of her view. This comes out strongest in the way her people lose one another, inevitably. There are four man-woman relationships: Sally and her husband Roy, Virginia and Bill, Petey and her unusual lover San, and Johnny O'Connor and his wife Gloria. Every one of these relationships is dissipated, ending each time in disaster and loneliness. Miss Wolff's people are helpless in a jungle, and if their hands meet somehow they are torn apart almost at once. What is it that isolates every human being in this story? It is the world, as Miss Wolff sees it, a hard, shining beast, a thing without love or conscience or memory, personified at its lowest level of cravenness by Joe Braun, at its most effective level of swift cruelty by Nicky Toresca. Pitted against this conspiracy of chance and accident and malice it is not the Braun sisters who can survive, not even Petey, nor the simple O'Connors, nor the strong and mindless San.

Maritta Wolff

There is no point in quarreling with Miss Wolff's defined world, which is, come to think of it, a good deal like James T. Farrell's. It is certainly not a false picture, any more than it is a complete one. There is an analogy between this and her method of characterization, which might best be described as behaviorist. She knows exactly what each person is doing, minutely, all the time, how they behave, react, move. On the other hand, there is only an approximation of introspection. We lose sight of these people just below the skin. We know a little about Sally, some about Virginia—but Petey is not studied as she should be, Roy, a fascinating problem, is not studied at all, Nicky is merely a moving figure, San is a mysterious figment. This is not an inability in Miss Wolff, but a technique deliberately assumed. She is getting the effects she wants. Yet if she should move toward greater penetration of the individual her work would, I think, deepen appreciably, and her world too. Whatever she does, she is already one of the most interesting of our young writers.

Life in Maritime Connecticut

THE SPLENDOR STAYS. By Marguerite Allis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 497 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by AUGUSTA W. HINSHAW

THE saga of the Harts of Saybrook, Connecticut, as Marguerite Allis has re-created it from letters and diaries, State and Navy Department records, and newspaper files, is an engrossing story. It vividly recalls the Monroe Doctrine's difficult birth and underlines its incalculable influence on history. Its breathless pace halts only long enough to orient the reader in the early 1800s. From then on he has to hold on to his chair.

"The Splendor Stays" brings to clear-cut, detailed reality the maritime Connecticut of the great sailing era, it pictures the New York of Irving, and shows the Washington of Madison and Monroe as the capital emerges from mud and inferiority to world place and diplomacy. It reproduces the beauty of South America's harbors, her Indo-Hispanic cities, and her incomparable Pacific coastline.

Captain Elisha Hart was the father of six daughters when he gambled again for a son and lost. His wife, full of charm and outer femininity, had a vigorous mind and a trust in learning so great that she agreed to the seventh attempt to perpetuate Elisha's name only upon his promise to send their first and second girls to female seminaries. Secret reading of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" had bolstered Mrs. Hart's temerity.

Crowding the annals of the seven Saybrook sisters between the covers of one novel, Miss Allis skimps all but three. These are the oldest, Sarah, whose story is least effective; Ann, second, and the other beneficiary of her mother's spunk; and Jeannette, the fourth, and direct heir of her mother's mind and beauty, though not of that lovely lady's manners and astute domestic diplomacy.

The latter graces fell to Ann, who held herself responsible for her sisters' achieving the Wollstonecraft "purification of the heart and cultivation of their understandings," which their mother believed would abolish female slavery. Ann married Commodore Isaac Hull, hero of 1812. His devotion enabled her to take in any sister at a loose end whether for a month or a lifetime, whether on shipboard or ashore.

Jeannette's more vivid drama includes the lifelong friendship of Fitz-Greene Halleck and a comet's moment in the galaxy of Simon Bolivar's loves. One cannot quarrel with truth that is stranger than fiction. Yet, surely, Miss Allis might have chosen something easier to believe as the crux of her admirable novel; while her Bolivar is not essentially different from Rourke's or Ybarra's, it is hard to think the Liberator would have repudiated a United States commodore's sister-in-law because of a questionable baby.

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THE LAVALS OF MITYLENE

IT wasn't so very long ago. The calendar says more than 2300 years, but that figure loses a lot of its forbidding remoteness when you calculate the distance in terms of consecutive lifetimes and discover that we are separated from Mitylene by the successive life spans of only thirty-five persons, allotting each one his three score and ten.

Anyway, it isn't when it happened but what happened that is important. It will be recalled that Mitylene, a small Greek city-state off the Northwest coast of Asia Minor, was an ally of Athens in the war against oligarchic Sparta. In the early years of the long struggle, Mitylene couldn't stand up against the hammer blows of the enemy and dropped out, concluding a separate peace. Athens, dismayed and endangered, fought on.

The interesting thing about this separate peace was that it was not only concluded but maneuvered by a group of men within Mitylene who had always been pro-Spartan. Oligarchy was their stock in trade and they lost no time in setting up a regime that was more than merely sympathetic to the former enemy: it was downright political plagiarism. This was hardly surprising considering that the Peloponnesian War stretched out beyond competing ecenomics and nationalisms to a war of ideologies as vertical as it was horizontal, where conflicting ideas and interests within the states made each one a potential if not an actual civil war battleground. Oligarchic factions within a democratic state would connive with the enemy to bring about the downfall of their own government. "In time of peace," says Thucydides, "there would have been neither the pretext nor the desire to ask a foreign power to help decide a domestic struggle. But with alliances at the command of either faction, opportunities for bringing in the foreigner were never wanting." Thucydides adds that sufferings entailed in such a struggle were many and terrible, but "no worse than will occur time and again as long as the nature of man remains the same."

And so the Lavals of Mitylene, in the best spirit of brotherly love, put an end to bad blood between their country and Sparta, laying the groundwork for mutuality and collaboration. This display of good will, however, could hardly be called a universal policy, for the oligarchs adopted a belligerent attitude towards democracy in general and Athens in particular. They made speeches about old wounds inflicted by Athenian imperialism and it seemed as though Mitylene were being primed for combat against her former ally. Athens's strategy in attempting to cope with this threat was to establish a sea blockade to prevent any food or arms from reaching the city. Sparta sought to distract the Athenian fleet by attempting a simultaneous invasion of the country around Athens.

When this distraction failed, the Lavals of Mitylene decided to stop parrying and to throw their country into war against Athens. With the encouragement of the Spartan minister, they announced that decision to the people and began distributing whatever arms were on hand or could be smuggled through the blockade. There is no record of public protest against this decision. Quite the contrary, it appears that the people accepted rearmament willingly enough; indeed, judging from what later happened, it seems probable that many of them were eager and enthusiastic.

The source of that enthusiasm became abundantly evident when, after all the arms had been distributed, the people began to use them with telling effectiveness. The only trouble was that the arms were pointed the wrong way—wrong, that is, from the standpoint of the Lavals of Mitylene and the Spartan morale-builder-upper. The people were willing to fight, all right, as long as it was against the oligarchs, whom they proceeded to dispose of with considerable finality. Not all the oligarchs, however, were thus abruptly and conclusively paid back in their own coin. Some of them were given the privilege of visiting, duly escorted, the famous city of Athens, where they were to be greeted by a populace anxious to confer upon them a few exhibitions of local *dunamis*. That was the word the Greeks had for it. A later generation came to call it the works.

One of the spiritual descendants of that old Mitylene collaborationist crew is pretty much in the news these days. Last week Pierre Laval was quoted as saying that the French people might be given an opportunity to defend themselves against American and British insult and abuse. That magnificent rumbling you hear in the distance is a swelling chorus of 50,000,000 Frenchmen singing, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." N. C.

Armistice Day, 1942

By Marion G. Canby

SO the hour has struck at last!
Liberty is striding fast,
Wide brows lifted to the gale
That billows like a rushing sail
Over England, over France,
Over us who now advance
Hastily, with eager thrust,
To take our share of blood and dust.
All the land's become an ocean
Heaving with a crisscross motion,
All the sea's a taut plain under
Threat of bursting rain and thunder—
Sea and land today unite
For the Fight,
Stifled, smothered deep and deeper
Till a Cry should wake the sleeper:
It has come!
Heed the rolling of the drum,
Unknown Soldier, far too young
To lie down so patiently,
Resting while a deadly trance
Fell on England, fell on France,
On our Country of the Free—
You were saved because you died,
You were spared the soulless years!
Now the human spirit clears:
Find your breath in pristine pride,
Rise and lead your martial brothers,
And those sad, rebellious others
All with one Word on the tongue,
"Victory!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ambrose Bierce's Centenary

SIR:—There are others who might better be writing of Ambrose Bierce—many persons are still alive who knew him—but I should hate to see this miserable year 1942 pass without some observation of his centenary. So far I have seen no mention of it. [Incidentally, Bierce was born the same year as Sidney Lanier, whose centenary has been marked in various ways, notably by Johns Hopkins University and the Peabody Institute in Baltimore.]

Bierce, I suppose, was something of an aberration in American letters. Some critics have long since relegated him to the boundless purgatory inhabited by "minor" writers. It sometimes happens, however, that by virtue of the prayers of the faithful and the quirks of fortuity, a doomed one is allowed to pass on from this adumbral limbo to his greater reward, and Ambrose Bierce, I'd say, has at least one foot in heaven. He analyzed his case very astutely himself when he wrote:

> My! how my face rings out in every zone—
> A thousand critics shouting: "He's unknown!"

Many will recall that 1929 was the big Bierce year. Four biographies of him appeared (C. Hartley Grattan; Adolphe De Castro; Walter Neale; and Carey McWilliams), besides Vincent Starrett's Bibliography. The best and most illuminating were the McWilliams and Grattan studies, and their final judgments of Ambrose Bierce will bear repeating. "Whatever judgment may be passed on his work," wrote Mr. McWilliams, "it does not affect the important fact that Bierce was one of the most provocative figures of his generation. . . . To some of us whose early enthusiasm for his work has somewhat waned, every light that has been thrown upon the facts of his life has brought a glowing certainty that this man was one of the immortals and that around his name has grown up a tradition that we will not willingly relinquish."

And this is Mr. Grattan's pronouncement: "In the face of all the considerations that can be brought forth for calling Bierce a forerunner of the modern age, it is idle any longer to deny him a permanent place in the American literary hierarchy. He is certainly more worthy of a place than such writers as Bret Harte, O. Henry, James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, and a host of other minor writers whose names inevitably appear in every survey of American literature. It must be conceded that he is worthy of a place along with Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, and Jack London, who, in spite of their foibles and failures, are reckoned to have been writers of high merit. He, like these, had a part in the coming of age of American literature."

When I came to the Smithsonian Institution in 1931 I had recently been reading these biographies, which served to quicken an enthusiasm for Bierce that I had acquired a few years previously in Prof. Frank L. Mott's American literature course at Iowa City. Far up in the southeast attic of the Old National Museum Building was the "office" of DeLancey Gill, our Smithsonian illustrator, which itself was a veritable museum containing the motley possessions of this eccentric artist. My first visit to this storehouse of dust and memorabilia, accumulating since the time of Secretary Langley and Major Powell, was something of an experience. In the middle of the studio was a revolving bookcase filled with pamphlets, photographs, drawings, prints, and books. My eyes fell on a title—"Tales of Soldiers and Civilians."

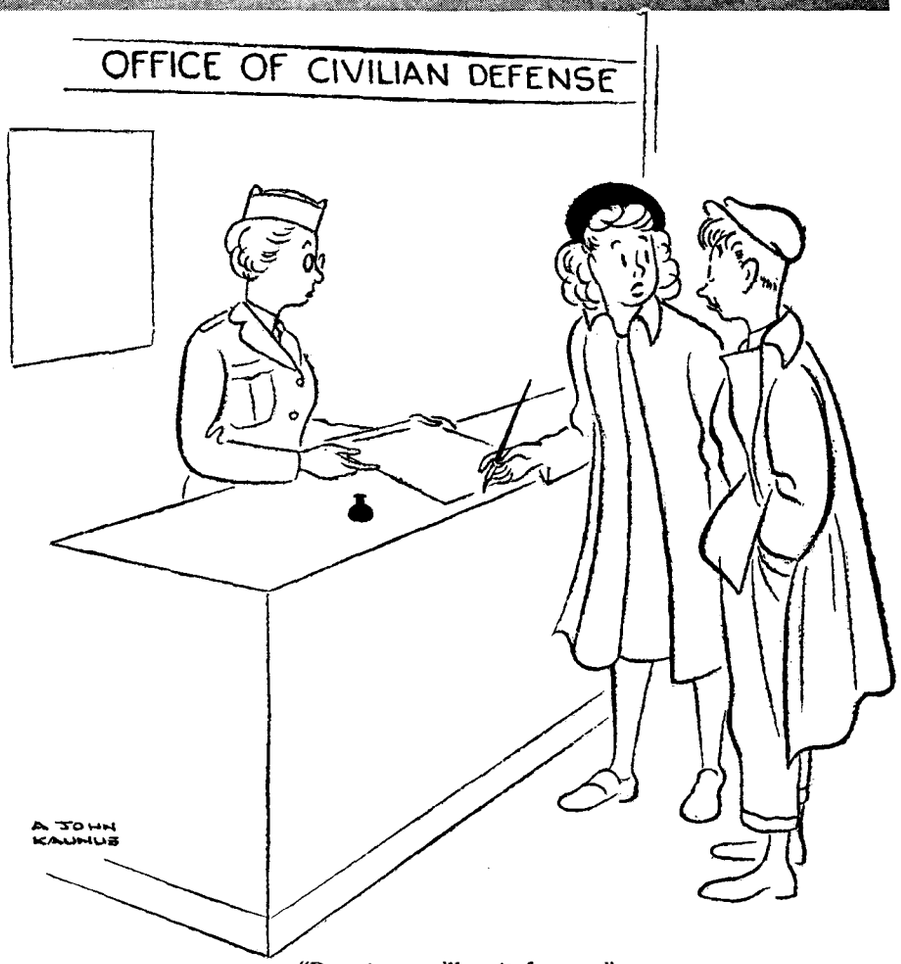
"Where did you get this?" I exclaimed.

"Oh," said DeLancey, "I've had that a good while. You see, Bierce and I were pretty good friends."

And then we talked of Ambrose Bierce, and I wish I had taken down some of the things he said. I have coveted many books in my day, but those two or three firsts of Ambrose Bierce, inscribed to his and my friend DeLancey Gill, did nothing to enhance my observation of the Tenth Commandment. Two or three years later Gill retired and moved his stuff out, and last year when I read that he had died I did not think of him as the man who painted all those pictures (some of them now hanging in the Cosmos Club and one watercolor in my living room) but as the man who was a friend of Ambrose Bierce. I have never learned what became of those priceless volumes.

So passed a personal contact with the great and mysterious personality that was Ambrose Bierce, but only the other day a man read, on my recommendation, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" and "Fantastic Fables," and perhaps that has helped to pay my obligations in observing a one-hundredth anniversary.

PAUL H. OEHSER,
Editor, United States National Museum.
Washington, D. C.



"Promise you'll wait for me."

McSomething Who Wrote for Children

SIR:—I wonder whether any of your readers remember a writer who had a vogue in the children's magazines of about thirty-five years ago, and who wrote books I read as a child and will never forget. His name was McClintock or McClenty or something like that but try as I may, I can't seem to recall it.

F. R. BLOSSOM.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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TRADE Winds

I TAKE IT FOR GRANTED that all of you have been reading William Rose Benét's column, The Phoenix Nest, on another page of the *Saturday Review*. I was a bit worried about this column when Norman Cousins first tapped me for the Trade Winds job at one of the *SRL* staff lunches. "Two columns in a weekly are one too many," I opined. "Mr. Benét," announced Cousins firmly, "is a poet, not a columnist. Bill, act like a poet!" Mr. Benét, whose attention had been wandering toward a curvaceous blonde job at the next table, dutifully wheeled about, gave a hollow cough, and recited something that he said was a pentastitch in a deep and tragic voice. Fool that I was, I fell for these Barrymoronic tactics.

For two weeks, Bill actually stuck to poetry in the Phoenix Nest. Then a fortunate accident befell him. He stumbled across a Black Cat. Many of us regard a black cat as a harbinger of bad luck. Not Bill, however. His particular Black Cat was a frayed old magazine, filled with detective stories by Wilkie Collins, Edgar Allan Poe, and other contemporary members of the Benet B'rith. "How many readers remember the *Black Cat?*" pencilled the inspired William on the back of an envelope, and promptly left town for seven weeks, confident that contributors would fill his column during that period. He was right, too, with something to spare—and the letters were all mighty interesting.

I ask you, however, what in heck the *Black Cat* has got to do with poetry? Worse still, Benét is now drunk with success. The last I saw of him, he was rummaging round Schulte's Second Hand Bookstore, looking for some other old magazine to keep him supplied with material until Washington's Birthday. Obviously, those who would bathe in the Pierian spring will have to look elsewhere for solace, and I do not propose to let them down. For instance, when I was up at the Boston Book Fair, I persuaded Anne Ford to give me a copy of a poem that Roger L. Scaife, a director of Little, Brown, had received that very day from a lady aged ninety-two, named Laura E. Richards. She is a wonderful old lady, and her poem seemed to bring a mist into the eyes of several hard-boiled Back Bay citizens, so I am going to reprint it in Trade Winds with a pooh for the Phoenix Nest. It is called "Something Warm: A Knitting Song for Great Grandmothers."

Soldiers all and Sailors
  Marines and "Eagles" too,
Here I sit,
And knit, and knit
  Something warm for you.

I cannot march, I cannot shoot,
  I never learned to fly,
But give me wool and needles,
  And all my best I'll try.

To daughters, nieces, granddaughters,
  The sterner tasks I leave,
I cannot, *cannot* turn a heel,
  Nor cope with neck or sleeve.

Straight across and back again
  Is all that I can do.
But yet 'twill form
Something warm,
  Gallant boys, for you.

I never saw a submarine,
  Nor yet a deadly bomb;
I'm usually sound asleep
  Before the black-outs come.

I cannot hear the siren,
  Nor yet the fire-alarm;
You see there's really nothing
  Can do me any harm.

So, soldiers all and sailors,
  Marines and "Eagles" too,
Serene I sit,
And knit, and knit,
  Something warm for you. . . .

BACK IN 1924, when we were serving our apprenticeship in the publishing business, it was a favorable review by Laurence Stallings in the now defunct morning *World* that acted as the most immediate stimulant to the sale of a new book. A nod from Stallings produced a dozen telephone reorders from New York stores by eleven o'clock the same morning. Much later, Alexander Woollcott inherited the mantle of Maker of Best Sellers. That was when he was doing his Town Crier routine on the radio and persuading vast sections of the American public to confuse his first-rate ability as a raconteur with his very second-rate and capricious taste in literature. The calibre of the best seller lists rose mercurially when Clifton Fadiman became head prophet. His rapier-like reviews in the *New Yorker* speeded more than one hitherto unknown author to fame and filmdom. Recently, we grieve to note that a multitude of other interests seemingly have dulled Fadiman's enjoyment of books. More and more important publications have been relegated to underlings for inconsequential and inadequate comment in the short notes appended to his own reviews. In several recent *New Yorkers* there has been no piece by him at all.

As though to make up for Fadiman's temporary abdication, a new and rather astonishing candidate for the throne has appeared in the person of Walter Winchell. Winchell's gossip column of yesteryear has been forged by the stress of world events into one of the most powerful voices in the country against phoney demagogues and slimy Axis undercover men. Many of the Bundists and purposeful appeasers rounded up by the F.B.I. were first exposed by him. Recently, Winchell has begun to interest himself in books that are telling people facts they ought to know about the war. First, he boosted "Sabotage," by Sayers and Kahn, both on his Sunday night broadcast and in his daily column. The result was elec-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ANSWERS TO FAMOUS QUESTIONS

On several previous occasions we have had quizzes on famous questions. This time, just to be different, we're giving you the answers and you are to tell what the questions were. Quote as accurately as possible. As for scoring, let your conscience be your guide. You'll find the answers on page 17.

1. "Nay, not so," replied the angel.
2. "One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
   Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.
3. "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
4. "Why, you shall say at break of day:
   'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
5. With a shake of his poor little head, he replied,
   "Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
6. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath
   a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas.
7. The night is chilly, but not dark.
8. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
   "But 'twas a famous victory."
9. "We have come to fish for the herring fish
   That live in this beautiful sea. . . ."

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Another great Viking year!

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by MASON WADE

Francis PARKMAN

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tric. 'Sabotage" was out of stock in two days, and on the national best seller lists in a week. He achieved equally spectacular results with Rex Stout's "Illustrious Dunderheads" and Cecil Brown's "Suez to Singapore." If he doesn't overdo it, he obviously can continue indefinitely to be a great force behind the right kind of publications. The Council on Books in Wartime might show its appreciation of his efforts by naming him to its advisory board, now in process of formation, for the selection of its new "Imperative" books. We shall have a lot more to say about this plan in a future column. . . .

TO DATE, THAT eagerly awaited clash between the new book sections of the *Chicago Sun* and the *Chicago Tribune* must be ruled "no contest." The *Sun's* first tabloid section ran to thirty-six pages—a handsome and intelligently edited supplement that was liberally supported by the country's publishers. The *Tribune's* debut, however, indicated that, up to the present, at any rate, nobody was taking the new section very seriously. We advocate immediate withdrawal to regroup forces.

MARTIN AGRONSKY, one of the great correspondents of our day, announced definitely at the Stork Club that he had no intention whatever of writing a book. Two publishers fainted, and we understand that the agents are going to picket him. . . . Leon Henderson was at a nearby table with Leonard Lyons, which did not presage, we hope, a rationing of columnists! If they would cut down on some of the hysterical radio "experts," on the other hand, people wouldn't *need* more than one cup of coffee a day! . . . Another newshawk at the Stork (please don't get the notion that we have permanent headquarters there: the Browns took us) told a pleasing story about the Polish navy personnel. It seems that after the fall of their homeland, a lot of Polish sailors were assigned to British destroyers before they were given boats of their own. One of these destroyers came upon a Nazi submarine on the surface, rammed it, and sank it. The captain ordered the Nazi crew, who were floating about in the rather heavy sea, to be hauled aboard the destroyer. He said that he never saw so many Nazi seamen in his life. His crew kept pulling them out of the water at an incredible rate. The mystery was solved when the captain chanced to look over at the opposite rail. Just as quickly as the English sailors were pulling the Nazis out of the water on one side, the Poles were dumping them overboard again on the other. . . .

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 451)

JOSEPHINE P. PEABODY:

THE MYSTIC

People say to me,
"A penny for your thought"—
And I can't remember thinking,
And I should think I ought.
I wasn't sleeping either,
I know that . . . . . .

.....

But I know something more
Than just a while ago;
I know something more!
I wonder what I know.

"It's a society murder mystery. It tells on page 1 who killed her, and devotes the other 349 pages to describing what the houseguests wore!"

DO NOT LET the rush of highly publicized best sellers lead you to overlook a little book by Mahatma Gandhi called "My Appeal to the British," published by John Day at a dollar a copy. It was enclosed in a letter to Richard Walsh that was written by Nehru on August second, exactly a week before he, Gandhi, and other Indian leaders were arrested. It contains Gandhi's exact words on the subject during the crucial three months which followed the Cripps negotiations and should prove invaluable to all the table-cloth generals who think that they understand the Indian situation—but don't! . . . If John Kieran doesn't watch out, he's going to smash to smithereens the record for consecutive introductions to books, long held jointly by those intrepid introducers, William Lyon Phelps, the late Hugh Walpole, and Ernest Boyd. In a single week, we read announcements of a Macmillan anthology called "A Treasury of the Familiar," introduction by Kieran; a Doubleday anthology, called "Poems I Remember," introduction (and selection) by Kieran; and a juvenile called "Sweeny's Adventure," as told by John Kieran in the film "Adventure in the Bronx." . . . A choice and typical selection from Ogden Nash's new book, "Good Intentions," is called "The Termite," and goes as follows:

Some primal termite knocked on wood
And tasted it and found it good.
And that is why your Cousin May
Fell through the parlor floor today.

BENNETT CERF.

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Journey into Black America

NO DAY OF TRIUMPH. By J. Saunders Redding. With an introduction by Richard Wright. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 342 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THIS is a strange book. It begins with a brief biography of the writer and then tells how in 1940, with funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation and at the instance of the University of North Carolina, Mr. Redding undertook an automobile trip into Black America, to see just how his people live in the South. The outcome is a volume which Mr. Wright prophesies "will rock the Negro middle-class back on its heels," "will set the 'Talented Tenth' on fire with its anger," and "will be as acid poured in the veins of the smug Negro teachers in Negro colleges." It is, Mr. Wright says, "a manifesto to the Negro and a challenge to America."

For the lay white man this dread significance is not quite clear. We have known, at least some of us, how terribly degraded the lot of the bulk of the Negroes is and how myriads live little better than the animals. But just why Mr. Redding's pen pictures of what he saw and heard should stir the Negro world so profoundly, is beyond this reviewer. Mr. Redding is a good reporter and a moving narrator, and he has filled his book with the verbatim stories of the Negroes he met. Some of them are touching and some just revolting. His fidelity to these narratives leaves nothing to the imagination. Obscenity of speech and thought are set down with meticulous care. I am aware that this is an age in which reticence has no place and nakedness is no longer a matter of comment. But just why Mr. Redding should have shown us only the worst if not the lowest forms of Negro life and stripped them of any vestige of protecting fig-leaf, I cannot see. No such book could have been published until recently in America.

Presumably the purpose was to shock the public into a realization of how dreadful the Negro problem is, how terribly the Negro lives and dies, and how all the cards are stacked against him. But it is strange that in his wanderings Mr. Redding had hardly an estimable character to record and no hopeful story to give us. Nor can I feel that his picture of one unworthy and unhappy Negro college can make all Negro college teachers bow their heads with shame. At least, however, this adventure of Mr. Redding's clarified his own views. He set out, he tells us, as a "Negro and American to find among my people those validities that proclam them and me men." He thinks he found them "as deep-rooted as vigorous trees. . . . They are the intangibles in the scale of human values. They are, unmistakably, integrity of spirit, love of freedom, courage, patience, hope." Curious, isn't it, that one has to go down to the stews, the pitiful poverty and the filth of the depressed peoples of one's race to discover this!

One can only trust that, however this book affects the Negro groups, it will not repel the whites, but will achieve the good which the publishers and the University of North Carolina must have seen assured for it. Finally, let me express the hope that in his next book Mr. Redding will find some canvas for his genuine gift of narration which will be worthy of it and yet serve his people also.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A great novelist tells how the French are behaving under the Nazis

IN her brilliant new novel, *Primer for Combat,* Kay Boyle tells how the Nazi conquest has affected the daily lives of the French villagers who were her neighbors. It is the story, not only of defeat and disaster, but of those whose spirits do not surrender. Against this background is set the taut love story of an American woman and a dazzling Austrian skier.

To read this book is to attain greater understanding of the forces that have been set in motion by our invasion of North Africa.

First Reviews:

"As a comment on the French defeat, this book is accurate, honest, and much better informed than most of its predecessors."
—MALCOLM COWLEY, *The New Republic*

"As the diary of a witness of what happened in France during the most tragic weeks of that country's history, *Primer for Combat* has not been surpassed and will be difficult to equal."
—RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

PRIMER FOR COMBAT

by Kay Boyle

PRICE $2.50 · SIMON AND SCHUSTER · ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N.Y.C.

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WHAT THE NAZIS SAY ABOUT AMERICAN LIBRARIES

(*Continued from page* 5)

sake. It is also significant that the large British and American publishers have branch offices in London as well as in New York, Boston, and Chicago. This makes close collaboration possible, with reference to politically significant literature. We Germans have nothing to compete with these close connections between the British and the American publishing houses.

Comparison of the catalogues of American public libraries with the selective lists of German "popular libraries" shows a fundamental difference between the American and the German intellectual viewpoint. In Germany the State has far-reaching opportunities to use the public libraries as means towards a directed form of public education. A whole series of disciplines, such as those having to do with race science, Germans in foreign countries and on the borders, military training, nationality questions, pre-history, problems of "world outlook," and the like, which in our libraries are of such paramount importance, are lacking in American libraries. Instead they carry an enormous number of works with impassioned and prejudiced content about Germany, nothing comparable to which exists in our corresponding book production about America. The American book market has completely ignored the race problem, just as if the United States, with its 12,000,000 Negroes, its innumerable Jews, and immigrant Slavs and Mongolians, were not the country, of all the great powers of the earth, with the most crucial and least solved race problems.

The American book market, established upon the capitalistic principle of profit, supported by an all-powerful daily press and numerous periodicals with tremendous circulations, and aided by political organizations and literary clubs, has developed an activity which has penetrated to the very last citizen of this nation of 130,000,000. The numerous book notes and book reviews in the daily press increase the possibility of influencing this reading public. The "best seller" is especially important in this respect. The fact that a book has attained a large edition is a measure of its excellence to many Americans.

Thus the reader, who is always impressed by numbers, all too often permits himself to be guided by "successes" created by suggestion. The great daily newspapers always devote much attention to the successful book. *The New York Herald,* for instance, publishes a weekly list of 50 of the most successful books based upon the sales records of 72 book shops all over the country. The findings are presented in tabulated form, as if they were stock market reports, and the reading public scans them with the same interest it accords to racing forms. Overnight, books, especially if they are of political nature, may be made main topics of discussion among millions by colossal, frenziedly displayed advertisements. Mass hysteria and mass fanaticism are easily aroused in this way. While these influences are usually of short duration and are quickly forgotten, nevertheless, while they last, they exert a tremendous influence upon public opinion and can bring about passage of an important law, and are therefore of great importance. Because of their intellectual and political equipment, public libraries are instruments in the molding of public opinion. The nature of their book selection, and prejudiced book display, can exert extensive influence upon the reading public. Since readers constitute a considerable percentage of the total population and include, as a rule, the portion of the national population which is most interested in intellectual and political matters, the political influences exerted through the library are of especial importance.

A list of accessions for the first months of 1941, of the Boston Public Library, which is among the greatest and best administered libraries in the country, shows, for example, that it had acquired the "Polish White Book" with its alleged German atrocities against the Poles, but that not a single one of the numerous German works about the war and the victory in Poland was on hand. Clumsy fabrications such as Karl Löwenstein's "Hitler's Germany: Nazi Background for War" (Macmillan, 1940), and the "News Flashes from Czechoslovakia under Nazi Domination," published by the Czechoslovak National Council, were supplied.

Because of Americans' slight knowledge and frequently grotesque preconceptions about Europe and especially about Germany, their ignorance is deepened by such books. An especially gross example of this type of book is James Marlow's "DeGaulle's France and the Key to the Coming Invasion of Germany" (London: Simpkin, 1940). Upon the basis of such books as this, the title of which fully explains its character, Americans build their background information of European conditions! These few examples show clearly to what extent the American public library is in a position to exert political influence. Since the reading public of America is easily led, the public library can play an extraordinarily strong role. If, for example, an upright leader of American politics, such as Colonel Lindbergh, comes under boycott by his powerful antagonists, then his books are removed from the public libraries.

In every second American family, there is at least one reader who uses the public library regularly. One can easily imagine what great opportunities for exerting political influence result from this fact. And so, as one of the most powerful educational instruments in the country, the public library is an intellectual force which occupies a foremost place in the struggle for the shaping of public opinion.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER STEPS IN *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders, and attempts, in and around Florida hotel puzzle police until shoe-minded amateur does his stuff.	Foreign intrigue, high finance, and home-grown hatreds well mixed in adequately mystifying job with some likable characters.	Readable
WOLF IN MAN'S CLOTHING *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random House: $2.)	Accidental shooting in country house starts fatal ball rolling. Poison death follows—and Nurse Keate is in thick of it.	Good straight murder mystery—no tricks, no funny business. Miss Keate is as dauntless as ever and other people are enjoyable.	High grade
THE FOURTH MYSTERY BOOK *Several* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50)	Six long-shorts with American backgrounds by Mrs. Rinehart, Mignon Eberhart, Philip Wylie, Hugh Pentecost, Dana Lyon, and Q. Patrick.	An entertaining assortment. Mrs. Eberhart's yarn is best of the lot, with Dana Lyon's good second. The rest get by.	"The mixture as before"

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Childhood among the Beduins

DRINKERS OF THE WIND. By Carl R. Raswan. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1942. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS is an unusual book written with an enchanting kind of artlessness. It is a strange love story—and artlessness is exactly the quality love stories ought to have.

In his previous books, published in England, Mr. Raswan told us of his travels among the Beduins. For ten years, he migrated, hunted, raided, starved, and feasted with them, experienced their wonderful friendship, and was adopted into their fellowship as a legal member of their tribe and family. In his most recent book, he goes back to his childhood and younger days.

As a very young man he happened to fall in love with an impersonal esthetic ideal—the perfectly sculptured horses from the frieze of the Parthenon. And it was an almost unbelievably persistent quest for the living horse which might meet his ideal's demands which took him to Egypt first, and from there, deep into the desert wilderness of Arabia. It looked as though he were to fail. But at his journey's end, he came to realize that Ghazal, the very stallion he had ridden for a year, was endowed, if not with the exact features of his Thessalonian idol, at least with its soul.

It is not quite clear whether the author himself is aware of the moral implications of his tale—which makes it all the more sincere a love story. In any case, he firmly believes in the existence of a psychical quality in horses, a soul both lovable and capable of loving and hating. He actually takes it for granted, and the peculiar achievement of his book is the way he wins us over to his belief. What he gives us is neither the dainty anthropomorphism of talking Bambi nor any scientific "psychological" method. The Beduins look at their horses in quite other fashion, and Mr. Raswan obviously has fully grasped, and adopted, their views and feelings.

In its unbiased and natural approach, the report on his first expedition—in a world not yet shaken by war—and on the surprisingly noble customs of his friends and untiring hosts brings to mind de Poncin's book on Eskimo life, "Kabloona." Today more than ever we are in need of understanding explorers of this kind, amateur anthropologists with "gentle spirits" and "tender hearts."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "And is mine one?" said Abou.
2. "If I can rid your town of rats
   Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
3. "O father! I hear the church bells ring,
   O say, what may it be?"
4. "What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
   If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
5. "Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
   "Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
6. Now, what news on the Rialto?
7. Is the night chilly and dark?
8. "And what good came of it at last?"
   Quoth little Peterkin.
9. "Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
   The old moon asked the three.

Lament for the Chieftains

By MARTHA BACON

An unusually distinguished first volume of verse by the daughter of Leonard Bacon. "A delightful book of poems, one that combines tradition with individuality, wit with feeling, and much that is brilliant with much that is lovely."—*Louis Kronenberger.* $1.75

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From Caracas to Boston

YOUNG MAN OF THE WORLD. By T. R. Ybarra. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 1942. 316 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

SINCE the publication, a year or so ago, of "Young Man of Caracas," Tom Ybarra has been called the Clarence Day of that city—and very rightly so. His memories of a happy childhood as well as the account of some of the "pre-Tom" family history are definitely worth being placed, as a reviewer suggested then, "on the same shelf as 'Life with Father'."

His most recent book starts again with the story of his early days. Though somewhat sketchy this time, Mr. Ybarra tells how the family, led by the Bostonian mother, had to move back and forth between Caracas, Munich, and Boston; for such were the semi-nomadic habits forced upon them by Ybarra senior's ever-recurring changes from a political Venezuelan army general into an exiled, or sometimes self-exiled, importer of Venezuelan coffee and cocoa. Thus, young Tom, as need hardly be pointed out, had much more fun than most youngsters ever enjoy. Later on, these roving years proved to have been the seed-time of what he was to become: an *homme du monde* in the best sense of the word, a linguist dyed-in-the-wool, a cosmopolitan connoisseur and gourmet, and, last but not least, a writer of unusual understanding of the troubles of foreign nations.

All the qualities of "Young Man of Caracas" are again present in this book, and foremost, Mr. Ybarra's unique sense of humor. The tale, for instance, of the three loves of his teens has a charm of its own—in spite, or rather because of, the complete absence of any sentimentality. Whoever has himself experienced the bittersweet tortures of a youthful lover on the verge of bankruptcy—and who hasn't?—will certainly want to read twice over the yarn of his embarrassing adventure at Dunkerque—which, in those fairy tale days around 1900, was "merely a pleasant French seabathing resort, with no inkling of what was going to happen to it in 1940."

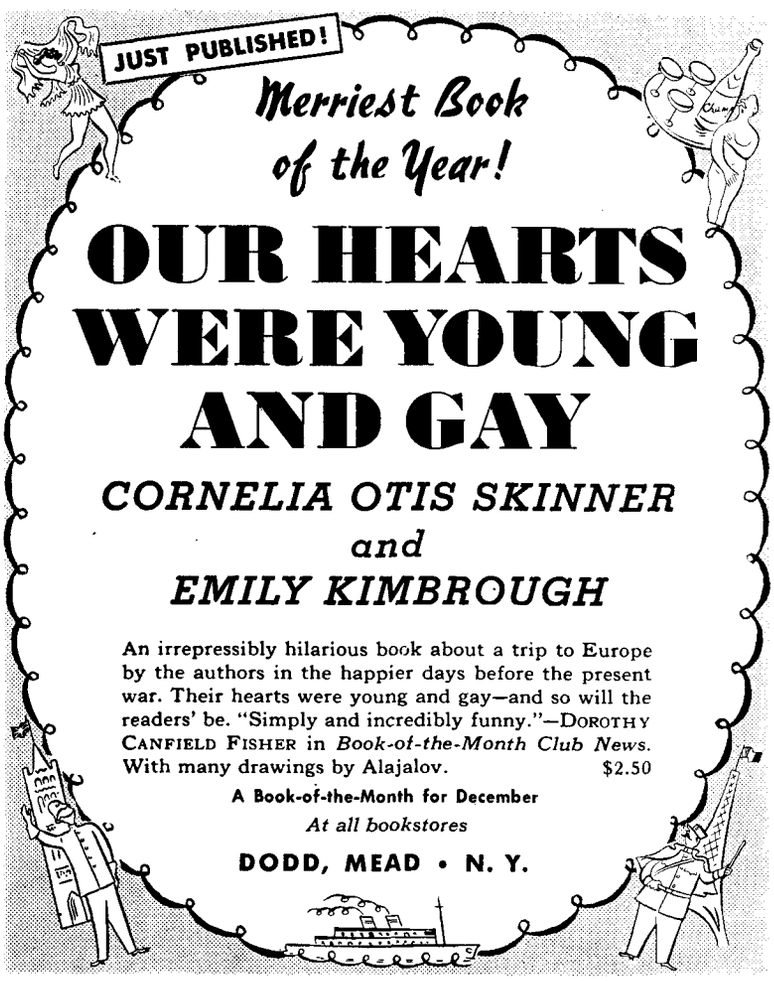
It may be that the average reader will be rather overwhelmed by the abundance of Mr. Ybarra's memories of Harvard Yard, especially by his quotations of the poetical output of that time. But, even in these chapters, any lengthiness is fairly outbalanced by his brilliant gift as a raconteur. And, as to the account of the initial stages of his career as a newspaperman, most readers will agree that the Bohemian life in pre-1914 New York with its joys and the chronic impecuniosity of its addicts has rarely been presented to our less carefree generation with so much gusto and with so little cynicism.

Strangely enough, the First World War, which was to put an end to that idyllic way of life, is hardly alluded to. Actually, Mr. Ybarra's career as a foreign correspondent (or "trained seal," as that ilk used to call themselves) began only after the war. Year after year, his wanderings took him up and down Europe to savor "the splendor of her cities, the charm of her countryside, the solidity of her tradition, the richness of her wit . . . ," but also to reveal to him "the ever-quickening tempo of Europe's dark heritage of tragedy."

At first sight, the author's interviewers stories don't add much to our, by now, familiar picture of Europe between the two Compiègnes. Many gifted journalists before him have told of Hitler's "fanatical eyes" and his soliloquizing ways of "conversing," and just as many visitors to the Palazzo Venezia have depicted the nightmare of the slippery parquet of Mussolini's oversized audience room. What makes Mr. Ybarra's reports different is his quite obviously unintentional way of demonstrating *ad oculos* how really little the fellows are who managed to destroy Europe and to unleash Frankenstein.

Tom Ybarra, for one, does not believe in any concept such as the "United States of Europe." He is much too wise a man, has seen much too much, and knows the "sorry-go-round" of Europe's history much too well. With Latin clarity, he presents an exposition of what he considers the four different possibilities of how to deal with the Germans once this war is won. Although he seems to dismiss most of the economic and social implications of the problem, he has done an excellent piece of political writing.

He is at his best when making casual and seemingly lighthearted remarks. Defining the much-discussed character of the German *Junker* class, he says, "There is something . . . beyond analysis . . . which leads non-Germans who meet them to think: 'No matter what this man may do or say, he can never fool me into believing him a gentleman'." This hits the bull's eye. And so do literally hundreds of witty glosses and anecdotes, which account for the specific flavor of this entertaining book.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The Story of James Gordon Bennett

THE MAN WHO MADE NEWS. By Oliver Carlson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 340 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER GRAMLING

OLIVER CARLSON'S biography of James Gordon Bennett, the Elder, is fascinating. Undoubtedly it provides a better picture of the man and the times in which he lived than any other book on the same subject. Aside from all that, Mr. Carlson's story demonstrates that the whole evolution of the press has been an effort by many men over a period of many years to adjust the newspaper to public tastes and wants.

Back in the 1820s newspapers seldom printed news, good, bad, or indifferent. Almost nobody read them as a consequence. In New York City, for example, there were dozens of so-called newspapers, but their combined circulation was less than 50,000. These misnamed publications, endowed by politicians, were dull beyond reason.

Then James Gordon Bennet arrived, a squint-eyed Scotsman, and he became "The Man Who Made News." He had the advantage of education, which few "publishers" of those days had, yet his first, second, and third efforts failed. Publishing was a printer's trade and the printer enjoyed political subsidy. There even was excuse for that. Since long before the Bill of Rights, officialdom had tried to "use" the press. It continued its efforts in spite of the constitutional guarantee. Whenever it could not rule the press outright, it sought to influence by threats and intimidation. The same forces sometimes try to do the same thing today. Freedom of the press, a much misused phrase, means freedom from government control. At least, that is what it was intended to mean, and so much for that.

Bennett, as a newsman, tried playing with politicians. They turned on him as soon as they got what they wanted, or as soon as expediency suggested. At first Bennett didn't like it, but it was fortunate that it happened that way because out of it came a press that ultimately freed itself, we hope, forever.

Bennett was the man who started this freeing process. He told the politicians where to go and then he attempted to put out the first real newspaper without their patronage. That was in 1835 when he started the *New York Herald*. They beat him up in public and they even were helped by some contemporary publishers who felt it a good way to curry official favor. He had a tough time of it.

So, in spite of Bennett's independence, he and his *Herald* were by no means an overnight success. In fact, the public at first viewed him with considerably less than approval. But Bennett knew that people would read his paper if he could attract them. They appeared willing to read about the beatings he got, so he gave them that. And while he was giving them that, he also was looking for a way to hold their interest once they tired of gloating over his personal misfortunes.

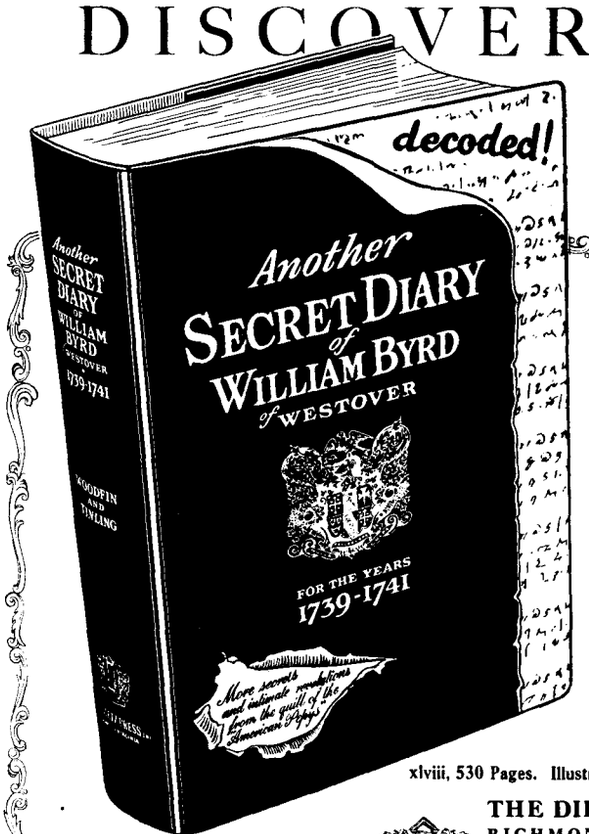
That was the beginning of what later was called "yellow" journalism. Bennett began giving them bawdy-house murders and other very choice bits of public scandal. They ate it up. His circulation multiplied. He knew he had found the formula for his era at least. He also gave them opinions and worthwhile news, but these more solid crumbs were sandwiched in so that they were easy to digest.

This is not to defend that brand of newspapering called "yellow." Neither did Bennett defend it. He had to use it to succeed, and had he not done it there would have been many more years before we could have had the latest world news at a cost of a penny or so per daily paper. It would have come eventually because Bennett was operating in a field in which the only change could be for the better. But he hastened the day—and thanks to him for it.

The usual advice about a book such as "The Man Who Made News" is that it is a "must" for newsmen. I won't narrow it down that way because—granting that I am prejudiced—I still would like to see such books read generally. If we did so we would be less likely to side with thin-skinned politicos or to listen too seriously to unwarranted charges by those who seek to stifle opinion—even fact.

Another line might be that "The Man Who Made News" contains material that would be a "natural" for the movies. But I, for one, don't want to see the movies move in on it. Rather, I would prefer to take next Sunday off and plant bombs under all the studios that have made movies about newspapers, editors, and reporters generally since the days of that harum-scarum thing they called "The Front Page." They have done equally as much as politicians and party administrations to ridicule a notable American institution that, to date, they have not been able to control. Today's newspaper, helped now by radio, is the one sure finger on the pulse of the comparatively few remaining free people.

DISCOVERED!



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THE DIETZ PRESS, Inc.
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Problem of an Ailing Democracy

THE TECHNIQUES OF DEMOCRACY. By Alfred M. Bingham. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 314 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CARL S. JOSLYN

FAITH in democracy is at a lower point today, says the author of this book (editor of *Common Sense*), than at any time during the past hundred and fifty years. Why? Because it has failed to achieve the results expected of it. And why has it failed? Largely because its traditional techniques—the ballot, the representative assembly, the party system, and the like—are not equal to the heavier burden of public business loaded onto our governmental machinery today as compared with a century ago. Only as democracy succeeds in modernizing its techniques can it hope to become more efficient and thus forestall the development here of some version of the totalitarian State.

Such is the argument, in rough outline, of this latest book by the author of "Insurgent America." It is a stimulating book, is written in a language that the layman can understand, and is distinctly worth reading and pondering by every one concerned with the health of our body politic. Most of all, it is a practical book—in the common sense of the word "practical"—and should appeal strongly to the hard-headed business executive and public administrator. It treats the problem of an ailing democracy from the standpoint of the professional manager: democracy is low in public esteem because it is inefficient and it is inefficient because its traditional ways of getting things done are not well adapted to the things it is now called upon to do.

One's final appraisal of this book must depend, of course, on how well it accomplishes what it sets out to do—in other words, on its *efficiency* (why not?). It sets out to make a thoroughgoing evaluation of the techniques of democracy. Now, to evaluate satisfactorily the techniques of democracy is a job that itself requires certain techniques: clearly defined concepts and explicit criteria of "efficiency," not least. The main trouble with this book is that the techniques of Bingham are not equal to the task of making a thoroughgoing evaluation of the techniques of democracy. Stronger and sharper tools of analysis would have enabled the author to perform, far more efficiently than he has, a service to his fellowmen that is of the first rank in order of civic importance.

To substantiate this criticism as fully as the weaknesses of the book allow would require several pages of comment. It must suffice to refer to only one weakness that lies at the heart of the author's argument. According to his own statement, "techniques" are methods and ways of doing things, mechanisms and devices for getting desired results out of organized groups. Of these results the one most desired and the one most necessary is "integration." From the context in which this term is used one infers that it has to do with the unity, solidarity, and strength of the body politic as a whole. Presumably, then, the principal criterion of a "good" technique is the degree to which it is effective as the means of promoting the unity, solidarity, and strength of the group.

Looked at from this standpoint, the existing techniques of democracy are defective to a degree and in a variety of ways not even suggested by what the author has to say. Why is it that so many of the special-interest groups in our population—farmers, wage-earners, manufacturers, retailers, property owners, cotton growers, and so on—find that the only policies by which they can hope to achieve even a temporary security are policies which, to the extent that they improve the economic position of one group, worsen the position and impair the security of other groups that are parts of the same economy? Policies of this kind obviously make for social conflict and disintegration. What is more, there is ample evidence that such conflict-breeding policies have their roots in deep-seated inadequacies of our institutional framework. Surely here is a problem that rates primary emphasis in a book concerned with the inadequacies of democratic techniques! What do we find? No awareness of the problem *as a problem* and only a suggestion that our national legislative body should be composed of members representing different interests or occupations instead of territorial districts.

There is a lot more wrong with the "techniques of democracy" than one would suspect from a reading of this book. But it is equally true, fortunately, that a lot more can be done than Mr. Bingham suggests in the way of reconstructing these techniques so as to make more real and prevalent in our society the value which, to this reviewer's no less than to the author's mind, lies at the heart of what we call "democracy": regard for the worth and dignity of the individual human being.

The War in Outline

THE WAR IN MAPS. Text by Francis Brown. Maps by Emil Herlin. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 159 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

IF you are looking for a war book which will guess what is going to happen tomorrow in the Solomons, at Stalingrad, and in the Mediterranean, this is not your volume. But if you would like to have lucid, authentic background material and top-notch maps the better to draw your own conclusions, this is a must book.

Francis Brown, one of the editors of the Sunday *New York Times,* and Emil Herlin of the *Times* map department, have collaborated in producing a highly interesting, competent, and useful work. The text is written with keen insight; it is clear, concise, and to the point. It packs in a lot of information. Mr. Herlin's maps in the *Times* are so well known as scarcely to need mention. But it is certainly not out of order to say that in his line of work he has no superior.

At a time when informed people are discussing global war against a background of Geo-Politik, when economics and politics play important roles in a worldwide struggle, geography must keep pace with a changing international scene. It is not enough merely to say that it is so many miles from this place to that. Or to say that the Japanese want Australia or the Germans need Baku oil. The reader must take many factors into consideration. As the authors point out, global war not only demands "specific knowledge of the location of countries, of seas and rivers and mountain ranges; it requires appreciation of strategical relationships, of how a blow struck in one quarter of the world can affect military operations in another quarter thousands of miles away."

Boiled down in the pages of this volume is a great deal of essential material in readable form about communication lines, raw materials, mandates, manpower, oil fields, strategic railways, industrial areas, and military campaigns. It is so arranged regionally and chronologically that the reader can instantly find the information he needs. Here is a volume that ought to be on every reading table. It will help everybody to read his daily newspaper and follow the radio reports with better understanding. It is by far the best job that has been done in its field.

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(*Continued from the last issue*)

Career and Informational . . .

LEO LERMAN

BOOK shops abound in excellent volumes on all sorts of jobs, jobs for every interest, jobs for today and jobs for tomorrow. Informational books are also plentiful on a wide variety of subjects. These books are written for young people, from twelve up, by specialists. They are being used by all ages.

The Dodd, Mead Career Books series (each $2) is the outstanding group in this category. Constant additions, in keeping with current trends, make it up to the minute. Each book is a factual novel written by an expert. New this year are: "Sandra Kendall of the 4-H; Young Home Demonstration Agent," Ella Williams Porter; "Ginger Lee: War Nurse," Dorothy Deeming, R.N.; "A Song for Cinderella," Gladys Swarthout; "Mary Bray Fashion Designer," Louise Barnes Gallagher; "Stand By—Mark!" Lt. Comdr. Frederic M. Gardiner, a naval officer's career; "Charles Hampton Research Chemist," Arthur W. Kenney and Stephen Kenney; "Hollywood Starlet," Dixie Willson, tells not only about cinema glamor girls but about those behind the scenes—script girls, research workers, set builders, cutting and splicing workers, still photographers, publicity men and women, costume designers. You will find a book for almost any young person among these.

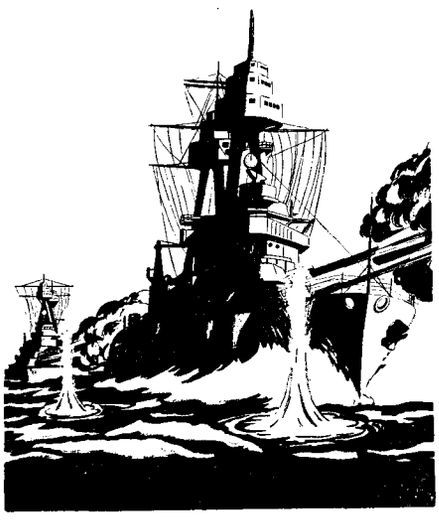
"When I Grow Up—I'll Be a Nurse," Lilian Rifkin (Lothrop, Lee & Shephard: $1.25: 7 up); even very little girls want to be nurses someday, and this answers all their questions. . . . "Your Career in Engineering," ($2.50), and "Your Career in Transportation" ($2), Norman V. Carlisle (Dutton: 14 up), two extremely important and complete books for today. Photographs make them even more comprehensive. . . . "Navy Diver," Gregor Felsen (Dutton: $2), the war at sea in an accurate, spectacular novel. . . . "Roll Out the Tanks," William H. McGaughey (Macrae-Smith: $2), a novel which travels from the assembly line of an automobile plant to the manufacture of M-3 tanks. . . . "Wider Wings," Patricia O'Malley (Greystone: $2), aviation for girls by the author of the successful "Wings for Carroll." . . . "Chemical Elements," I. Nechaev (Coward-McCann: $2.50), not only illuminating information on chemicals but substitute materials makes this required reading for young people of all ages. . . . "How to Be a Newspaperman," Neil MacNeil (Harper: $1.75), tells all from office boy qualifications to top editor's.

And here are some career novels with more than topical interest: "The Blueberry Muffin," Mary W. Thompson (Longmans, Green: $2), about a tearoom. . . . "A Star for Ginny," Phyllis Whitney (Houghton Mifflin: $2); Ginny wants to illustrate children's books and what happens to this interesting desire. . . . "Jerry Foster, Salesman," Elmer E. Ferris (Doubleday, Doran: $2); excitement and sound information about a big business. . . . "Gay Design," Adèle de Leeuv (Macmillan: $2); dress design is the vocational interest in this most recent de Leeuv novel. You will want all the others, too, for they are not only factual but have charm, simplicity, and humor. . . . "Sharon's Career," Esther Greenacre Hall (Random House: $2); loads of information about antiques and a good story make this an outstanding book.

Informational—The War

"*Submarine!* The Story of Undersea Fighters," Kendall Banning, illustrations and the U. S. Navy's approval make this a must; "Fighting Planes of the World," Major Bernard A. Law, more than 50,000 have already been sold, and here is a new, revised edition (both Random House: each $1) . . . . "Submarines: The Story of Undersea Boats" ($3) and "Parachutes" ($2.50), Herbert S. Zim, the author of the popular "Mice, Men, and Elephants —A Book About Mammals" ($2.50) tells everything about submarines and parachutes. These are exhaustive and completely illustrated with photographs (Harcourt, Brace).

"All About Broadcasting," Creighton Peet (Knopf: $1.75: 9 up), the author of "How Things Work" (Holt: $2), makes basic and serious information exciting in a most timely book. . . . "The Book of Modern Warplanes," Harold H. Booth (Garden City: $1), today's fighting aircraft on the wing, all of them. . . . "Radio from Start to Finish," Franklin M. Rick (Crowell: $2, seventy-five photographs and an excellent text completely fulfill the promise of this title. . . . "Aluminum, a Magic Mineral," Lilian Holmes Strack (Harper: $1), the latest in this author's splendid series on minerals in the news (see also "Asbestos," "Nickel," "Radium").



"Wings of Offensive," Captain Burr Leyson (Dutton: $2.50), especially good on gliders. . . . "The Boys' Book of Communications," Raymond F. Yates's most unusual informational text. His others, on batteries and magnetics, are useful, too. "Aircraft Carrier," Lieutenant Robert A. Winston's thrilling text and one hundred photographs; "Air Workers Today," Alice V. Keliher ($1), these are all published by Harper, and with the exception of the latter are a good two dollars' worth . . . "Young America's Aviation Annual, 1942-1943" and "Model Plane Annual, 1942-1943," Cleveland and Graham (McBride: each $2), beloved by all modern boys and girls.

Informational—General

And don't forget these books on general topics: "Fruits of the Earth," Jannette May Lucas (Lippincott: $2), a necessity this year when everyone should know how our foods grow. . . . "Tune Up," Harriet E. Huntington (Doubleday, Doran: $2) a 1942 factual "Alice-In-Orchestralia." . . . "The Wonder of Life," Levine and Seligmann (Simon & Schuster: $1.75: 8 up), answers all sorts of embarrassing questions without mincing matters. . . . "Thoroughbreds," C. W. Anderson (Macmillan: $2: 10 up), anecdotes, elegant lithographs, and information by a leading authority on horses. . . . "Fun with Wood," Joseph Leeming (Stokes: $2.25), the latest in the Leeming "Fun with" series especially good for rainy afternoons. . . . "Let's Cook," Nancy Hawkins (Knopf: $1.75: 10 up), and "The Fannie Farmer Junior Cook Book," Wilma Lord Perkins (Little, Brown: $1.75), both 1942 essentials because of rationing and advice on how to cook economically. Little girls will love these. . . . "Pictures to Grow Up With," Katharine Gibson (Studio: $3: 9 up), a home museum appears at the moment it's most needed.

"My Room Is My Hobby," Marion Downer (Lothrop, Lee & Shephard: $1.75: 8 up), how to make all sorts of original things for a room of one's own. There is a definite need for this handy book. . . . "Man Is a Weaver," Elizabeth Chesley Baity (Viking: $2.50), the complete story of fabrics in a factual history which reads like the most exciting fiction. . . . "A Pageant of the Theatre," Edmund Fuller (Crowell: $2.50), for all stage struck boys and girls and for all adults.

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Horizons in Picture Books

MARJORIE FLACK

About Real Animals

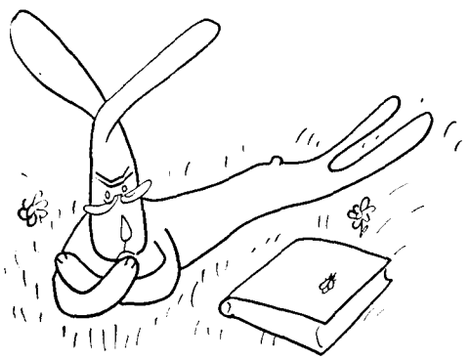
CHILDREN love animals, and there comes a time when they desire realistic pictures and stories of animals instead of the dressed-up talking creatures of earlier books. Paul Brown can always be relied upon for a good book for the horse lovers. This year his "Puff Ball" (Scribner: $1) brings a story of a boy named Sparkie and how he got his pony. The simple story and splendid pictures harmonize in an excellent story for those beginning to read. "Dash and Dart" (Viking: $2), by Mary and Conrad Buff, tells of two fawns in the mountains of the Southwest. There are many realistic drawings printed in soft sepia and three double-spreads in full color. These give a splendid setting for the story.

"Biffy Buffalo" (Morrow: $2), by Jane Porter, with pictures by Janet Smalley, tells of a little bison and his adventures in an Indian camp. The pictures make buffalo seem gentle and lovable. "Flip and the Cows" (Viking: $1.50), by Wesley Dennis, continues the life story of an engaging foal. The story is told by the handsome pictures with just enough words for a sound track. "The Story of Pancho and the Bull with the Crooked Tail" (Macmillan: $2), by Berta and Elmer Hader, will delight the animal-lovers, although Pancho is a small Mexican boy. Large, clear, colorful drawings are supplemented by simple text in big type.

Fun for All

At last we have some funny books for children with enough robust humor to compete with the comic strips. Just why the idea of eating worms is amusing to children it is difficult to explain, but it always has been so and probably always will be. Small boys of from six to ten will shout with joy at MacKinlay Kantor's "Angleworms on Toast" (Coward-McCann: $1.50) so graphically illustrated by Kurt Wiese; and, much to their parents' surprise, I suspect, little girls will, too! A "turnabout" book which, in spite of having a strong moral, will delight children even as young as four and up to ten, is "Tit for Tat" (Harper: $1.50), by H. A. Rey, and, since the drawings are unusually good, perhaps the whole family will enjoy it.

The matter of losing one's head is not at all unpleasant to the young but, on the other hand, screamingly funny. This always "got a laugh" in "The Wizard of Oz," and the head of the Cheshire Cat in "Alice," when divorced from its body, was not gruesome but comic. Also we are delighted to note "big words" used by the Boy in "The Man Who Lost His Head" (Viking: $1) to tickle the tongues of youngsters. Robert McCloskey's pictures are plain but effective. "Hundreds and Hundreds of Pancakes" (Viking: $1) is written in a formal, stilted manner that makes its brisk comedy all the funnier.



—*From "Rosebud," by Ludwig Bemelmans.*

Two books with a gentle humor for the very young are "Don't Frighten the Lion!" (Harper: $1.75), by Margaret Wise Brown (also author of "Night and Day," with Leonard Weisgard pictures), which is illustrated by H. A. Rey; and "Cecily G. and the 9 Monkeys" (Houghton Mifflin: $1.75) done entirely by Mr. Rey, who comes to us from France. The former is for the very little ones. A three-year-old called it "the funny lion book," although it is really about a poodle. To make this character more tangible there is an insert of a paper-doll poodle, complete with the clothes mentioned in the story. In Mr. Rey's book, all the children who met one of the monkeys in his former book "Curious George" will be delighted to meet him again as one of the "9." There is an illustrated song to sing at the very end of the book.

Biographies and Ideas

TEEN-AGED boys and girls are busy finding out about themselves. They seek their own reflections in the lives of others. They read movie magazines and *Life* in an effort to find out about their heroes. They also read Stefan Zweig's adult biographies and those written especially for them.

Among the most successful books in this latter category are the Julian Messner Shelf of Biographies (each $2.50). This ever-increasing list now includes forty, full length, authentic, spirited "lives and times." Both young people and adults enjoy them. 1942's additions number among them lives of Glenn Curtiss, Noah Webster, and Tchaikovsky. Babette Deutsch's "Walt Whitman" and Howard Fast's "Haym Solomon" are still best.

Most up-to-the-minute biographies this year are "Long Adventure: The Story of Winston Churchill," Hildegarde Hawthorne ($2) and "MacArthur of Bataan" ($1.75), Helen Nicolay. Both are published by D. Appleton-Century. Most unusual and amusing biography this year is "Have You Seen Tom Thumb?" Mabel Leigh Hunt (Stokes: $2), the smell of sawdust and pink lemonade are in this large-size book about a very famous small-size gentleman. And May Lamberton Becker says that Leo Lerman's "Michelangelo: A Renaissance Profile" (Knopf: $3) is one of 1942's outstanding biographies "which many older readers will enjoy as well."

In biography, as in the other categories, stress has been placed upon U.S.A. lives. Particularly informative and unusually interesting are "Heroines of the Sky," Adams, Kimball, Eaton (Doubleday Doran: $2.50), all the women pioneers of aviation. . . . "The Man Who Dared to Care," Mary Tarber Carroll (Longmans, Green: $2), James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of Georgia. . . . "Ox-Team Miracle: Alfred Alexander Majors," Hildegarde Hawthorne (Longmans Green: $2), founder of the first freight system between the East and the West, timely because of current transportation problems. Don't forget to read all the other Hawthorne biographies. They are among the best. . . . "Martha Washington," Alice Curtis Desmond (Dodd, Mead: $2.50), fills a long-felt need. . . . "Jemima, Daughter of Daniel Boone," Margaret Sutton (Scribner's: $2: 10 up), the little known but extremely dramatic life of one of Boone's daughters.

For very young people, from six to ten, Bobbs-Merrill is publishing a comprehensive series of introductory biographies. This includes highly fictionized lives of most of the "eminent" Americans ($1.50 each). And Farrar and Rinehart has a growing list of biographies for the teen-aged. These are not a series but a group of books associated by virtue of their U.S.A. background. Each one is $2. The new ones are "Old Wolf," Leon W. Dean, the story of Israel Putnam, and "Eli Terry Clockmaster of Connecticut," Leslie Allen Jones.

"The Tall Hunter," Howard Fast (Harper: $1.75), the story of Richard Hammond and his wife who was captured by the Indians told in Mr. Fast's most engaging style. . . . Carl Sandburg's "Abe Lincoln Grows Up" (Harcourt, Brace: $2), brilliant chapters from "Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years," and "The War Years."

George Washington's World," Genevieve Foster (Scribner's: $2.75); biography of a crucial period, excellent reference work. . . . "First Ladies," Kathleen Prindiville (Macmillan: $2); from Martha Washington to Eleanor Roosevelt fact and anecdote artfully blended make this required reading. . . . Judson's "Soldier Doctor" (Scribner's: $1.60: 10 up), about Gorgas.

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"David Glasgow Farragut," William Oliver Stevens, U.S.A.'s first admiral complete, and "I Have Just Begun to Fight," Commander Edward Ellsberg, the life of John Paul Jones (both Dodd, Mead: each $2.50: 10 up).

"There Were Giants in the Land"; twenty-eight contemporary literary craftsmen talk about twenty-eight prominent Americans (Farrar & Rinehart: $2: on the adult list, too). . . . "One Life to Lose," Raymond Lufkin (Lothrop, Lee & Shephard: $2); Nathan Hale from school boy to heroic spy. . . . "For Love of Country," Wilhelmina Harper (Dutton: $2: 10-14); a carefully selected anthology of patriotic lives. All of this author's anthologies are useful and easy reading. . . . "Down to the Sea," Louise Hall Tharp (McBride: $2); Nathaniel Bowditch's life, the man who discovered the scientific method of navigation used today. Especially interesting this year.

"Daniel Boone" (Newbery Medal, 1940) and "Poor Richard, the Life of Benjamin Franklin," James Daugherty (Viking: each $2.50); palatial books, in both text and illustration, by one of America's most brilliant illustrators. "Penn," Elizabeth Janet Gray (Viking: $2.50); and don't forget her equally explicit "Young Walter Scott" ($2). . . . "Narcissa Whitman, Pioneer of Oregon," Jeanette Eaton (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50); all of her biographies are landmarks in young people's literature.

There are two important groups of musical biographies. Opal Wheeler's and Sybil Deucher's are for very young people, and they have been enormously successful. Haydn, Mozart, Bach, Schubert, and MacDowell are included (Dutton: $2 each). This year Opal Wheeler has written "Ludwig Beethoven, from the Village of Bonn" ($2). Holt's musical biographies include full length lives of Sibelius, Wagner, Bach, Schubert, and Mozart. All are $2.50 save the Wagner. That is $2.75. And this year André Maurois has written specially for young people, "Frederic Chopin" (Harper: $1.75). An event any season, but doubly so in 1942 when interest is so centered in Poland.

There are two Latin American biographies you must not miss. "Juarez, Hero of Mexico," Nina Baker Brown (Vanguard: $2.50) and "Against All Odds," Marion F. Lansing (Doubleday, Doran: $2), the heroes of the other America presented in an utterly absorbing manner. . . .

And here are some lives of authors. "The Shoemaker's Son," Constance Burnett (Random House: $2.50), the best complete life of Hans Christian Andersen we know. . . . "The Three Hanses," David Julian (Little, Brown: $2), a highly fictionized and entertaining account of Andersen, particularly good for younger children.

And "Introducing Charles Dickens," May Lamberton Becker (Dodd, Mead: $3), written out of a great love for its subject and deserves a permanent place in all homes.

L. L.

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

FOR CHRISTMAS 1942

Picture Book Age

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS HEAD by Claire Huchet Bishop. Hilarious nonsense with pictures by Robert McCloskey. $1.00

HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF PANCAKES by Audrey Chalmers*. Eating and zoos and a tornado, all in one. $1.00

FLIP AND THE COWS by Wesley Dennis*. The colt hero of *Flip* is older now, but he still has lots to learn. $1.50

HEZEKIAH HORTON by Ellen Tarry. Pictures by Oliver Harrington. A car-crazy small boy has his wish come true. $1.00

On the Way to Twelve

BRIGHT MORNING by Margery Bianco. Pictures by Margaret Platt. A lively spring with two charming Victorian Misses. $1.50

ANDRIES by Hilda van Stockum*. Two houses and two families in the great tulip fields of Holland. $2.00

NOT-MRS.-MURPHY by Patricia Gordon. Pictures by Ralph Boyer. Fantasy in the school bus, one magic week. $2.00

HILL OF LITTLE MIRACLES by Valenti Angelo*. Rollicking family life in San Francisco. $2.00

ADAM OF THE ROAD by Elizabeth Janet Gray. Pictures by Robert Lawson. A minstrel boy roams the highways of medieval England. $2.00

Any Age

THE WAY OF THE STORYTELLER by Ruth Sawyer. A famous storyteller discusses her craft and adds eleven of her favorite stories. $2.50

BELLS AND GRASS by Walter de la Mare. Poems by the great scholar and dreamer, delicately adorned by Dorothy P. Lathrop. $2.50

THE TREE OF LIFE by Ruth Smith. Decorated by Boris Artzybasheff. Writings from the great faiths man has lived by, selected especially for young people. Foreword by Robert O. Ballou of *The Bible of the World*. $3.50

*The author also illustrated the book.

Up to Ten

THE BLUE-EYED LADY by Ferenc Molnár. A story of mother love by one of the world's foremost playwrights, exquisitely illustrated by Helen Sewell. $2.00

DASH AND DART by Mary and Conrad Buff*. The story of two fawns in rhythmic prose and magnificent paintings. $2.00

LITTLE LOST MONKEY by JoBesse McElveen Waldeck. Pictures by Kurt Wiese. A small sakiwinki adrift in the jungle. $1.50

COUNTRY-STOP by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Pictures by Grace Paull of Ann's year in New England. $2.00

Older Boys and Girls

TIDEWATER TALES by Anne Littlefield Locklin. Pictures by Rafaello Busoni. A gang of boys on a New Hampshire tidal river. $2.00

LIONS ON THE HUNT
JAMBA THE ELEPHANT by Theodore J. Waldeck. Pictures by Kurt Wiese. Two great animal stories by a famous explorer-author. *Each* $2.00

BAG OF SMOKE by Lonzo Anderson. Pictures by Adrienne Adams. The story of the first balloon and the Montgolfier brothers who made it. $2.00

MAN IS A WEAVER by Elizabeth Chesley Baity. Man's history through the craft of weaving, with pictures and maps by Charles B. Falls, and photographs. $2.50

THE PLAYERS' SHAKESPEARE *The Tempest, Julius Caesar, Macbeth*, arranged and condensed for Little Theater Production by Thomas P. Robinson. *Each* $1.50

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The Phoenix Nest

Letter from California

Tom Daly (Not Tom Day!) you old scamp, thank you for the kind things you said of us, and of one dear to us, in your column in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin!* We also thank F. R. Rideout for the following, from Ross, California. Rideout is a good name to us, ever since we enjoyed the fiction of the late Californian Henry Milner Rideout.

The Phoenix Nest (and the Double-Crostic) keep me going from week to week nowadays. . . . You should have a long list, if you compile desert island stories! The saddest line I know is "There are no islands any more." Doubly true since the Japs landed! Bali, Terrinbar, Babar—they're the same as desert islands now. To hark back a little, it pleased me to read your tribute to Chester Bailey Fernald's "Under the Jackstaff," for I thought myself the only person still alive who remembered "The Yellow Burgee" and that hilarious "Voice in the Pipe." C-B F. once lived in Mill Valley, as you may know, and used to amuse the old Parson when he came to call. There would be a rap at the Lincoln Imp, the Parson would rumble, "Who's there?", and hear a plaintive reply, "Chester Bailey Fernald," a processional name used to be an asset to an author, no doubt! But then there was "A.E." Surely A. E. W. Mason owed some of his success to his easily remembered initials. I'm told R. C. Hutchinson suffers acutely because new acquaintances are apt to gush about "If Winter Comes." Mrs. L. Adams Beck, who was "E. Barrington" and somebody—Moresby too, used to get letters from her publishers addressed to "Dear Beck." She really was Mrs. Beck, and her husband, an old darling, had been hereditary head of the Ironmongers Guild. I don't think he cared much for the literary life and living in British Columbia. Anyway, he returned to London. The Moresby pen-name was for a grandfather, the Admiral for whom Port Moresby was named. Each alias wrote in different vein, and Mrs. Beck had a portrait of herself holding tragic and comic masks, while the sphinx appeared in the background. But what I started out to say was that the September fifth letter from one Winona Godfrey of Los Angeles raked up embers for me—I might have written it myself, as to the *Blue Mule* and youthful efforts enshrined in blue ink. John Fleming Wilson was one of the lesser editors of those days, who might have gone far if he'd lived. Yes, even some New York publications once paid in "transportation." I knew a writer who came west that way, but there was a hitch. At Ogden he had to part with all the cash he had in order to stay on the train—all but five cents, which he invested in a box of Uneeda Biscuit, and which was all the nourishment he took between there and Sacramento. They were stale biscuit, too—you remember the old station at Ogden?

If I re-write to make sense, I'll never send it. . . .

But our correspondent from Ross makes a lot of sense! We wish she'd write her California literary memories for *The Atlantic,* or some place where she would have more room. We think they're great stuff!

Maud Ludington Cain, author of "Dusty Shoes," writing from Marshalltown, Iowa, remembers a story called "The Island of Regeneration," "by a Kathryn somebody I think." (Dear! Dear!) Anybody remember that one? Corinne Tennyson Davids, of Hartsdale, N. Y., has just read "The Pearl of Orr's Island," written eighty years ago by Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is a Maine story of the old days. "Characteristic of the novels of that period, the ending is lugubrious, but Mrs. Stowe had the gift of description, and her pine-laden air and marine scenery have brought refreshment."

Our Little Ones

John Stapleton Cowley-Brown writes:

In the recent references to the miniature magazines (I have heard them called fadazines) of the Nineteen Hundreds, there were some *lacunae.* No mention of the noblest Roman of them all, Walter Blackburne Harte's *The Fly-leaf,* or of Michael Monahan's *Papyrus.*

Percival Pollard in his "Their Day in Court," has twenty-two references to Walter Blackburne Harte, and pays this tribute to *The Fly-leaf:* "Eventually he added a venture of his own to that pamphlet movement, among the younger men, which, occurring about 1895, was one of the rare signs of intellectual revolution that America has seen in our own time. *The Fly-leaf* was the name of this tiny monthly mouthpiece for his own artistic individuality. In the success of that venture Harte probably found the greatest happiness he knew. *The Fly-leaf's* success aroused the envy of another pamphleteer. Elbert Hubbard eventually persuaded Harte to incorporate *The Fly-leaf* with his own pamphlet; Harte left Boston and joined energies with Hubbard. The partnership was not happy; it lasted eighteen days. Its dissolution left *The Fly-leaf* dead."

I also recall the *Philosopher* (Wisconsin), the *Rubric* (Chicago), the *Bachelor Book* (Chicago), and the amusing daily paper, the *Tatler,* started by Mr. Kimball, after he had left Stone and Kimball.

This and That

Here is some conversation with our correspondents: Mrs. Thomas MacKellar of Wellesley, Massachusetts, says one of the best island stories she ever read was "Orphan Island," by Rose Macaulay, "a delicious bit of satire." Franklin Wentworth of Redondo Beach, California, remembers "that beautiful little book of Richard Whiteing (London editorial writer) called 'The Island: An Adventure of a Person of Quality.' This indicates that my generation is passing! When sixty years old, Whiteing wrote a book called 'No. 5 John Street' that became the literary talk of the season. It was a striking story of London social conditions—almost the first of that sort of book."

We apologize to Clark Ashton Smith for saying that he was an Oregonian when all the time he was a Californian! Mildred E. Runyeon remarks, "While I sit here at my desk reading R. Kipling's "Brazilian Sketches," it occurs to me to ask someone to reprint the first stanza of 'Such As In Ships,' for its timeliness!

Such as in Ships and brittle Barks
Into the Seas descend
Shall learn how wholly on those Arks
Our victuals do depend.
For, when a Man would bite or sup,
Or buy him Goods or Gear,
He needs must call an Ocean up,
And move an Hemisphere.

Virginia Scott Miner of Kansas City, Missouri, hymns to us the Hoosier State and its nomenclature as follows:

INDIANA NAMES

Sing your songs of the eastern sea,
And make your redwood boast,
But the fairest names in the land to me
Are not of the country's coast.

Neither the Yankee white-spire towns
Nor the shores of blue Carmel
Can savour the glory that still abounds—
With an almost magic spell—

In the great old Indian names that star
These towns and lakes and springs,
As rich and strange as the feathers are
In a mallard's breast and wings.

And these are the names where arrowheads
Are lying close by the rushes,
Where the bluegills rise from off their beds,
And there's singing of the thrushes!

Manitou and Wawasee,
And Ken-a-po-co-mo-co,
And Papakeechie, mad with glee
When the fire-water sent him loco.

Menominee, who preached of God,
The white man's God, to his race—
And vanished into the nameless sod
Of some Tipton halting place.

And Winamac—a deadly one
Grown bitter for his kind;
The other, friend of Harrison,
And bold to speak his mind.

Pokágon chieftains, brave and wise,
Tecumseh and his brother—
And one they called the Great Snake lies
Now still as any other . . .

Except about these, legends grew,
A wealth of debated story,
From the Wabash banks to the Tippecanoe—
From Vincennes to Buzzards' Glory!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Papal History

PAGEANT OF THE POPES. By John Farrow. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1942. 407 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

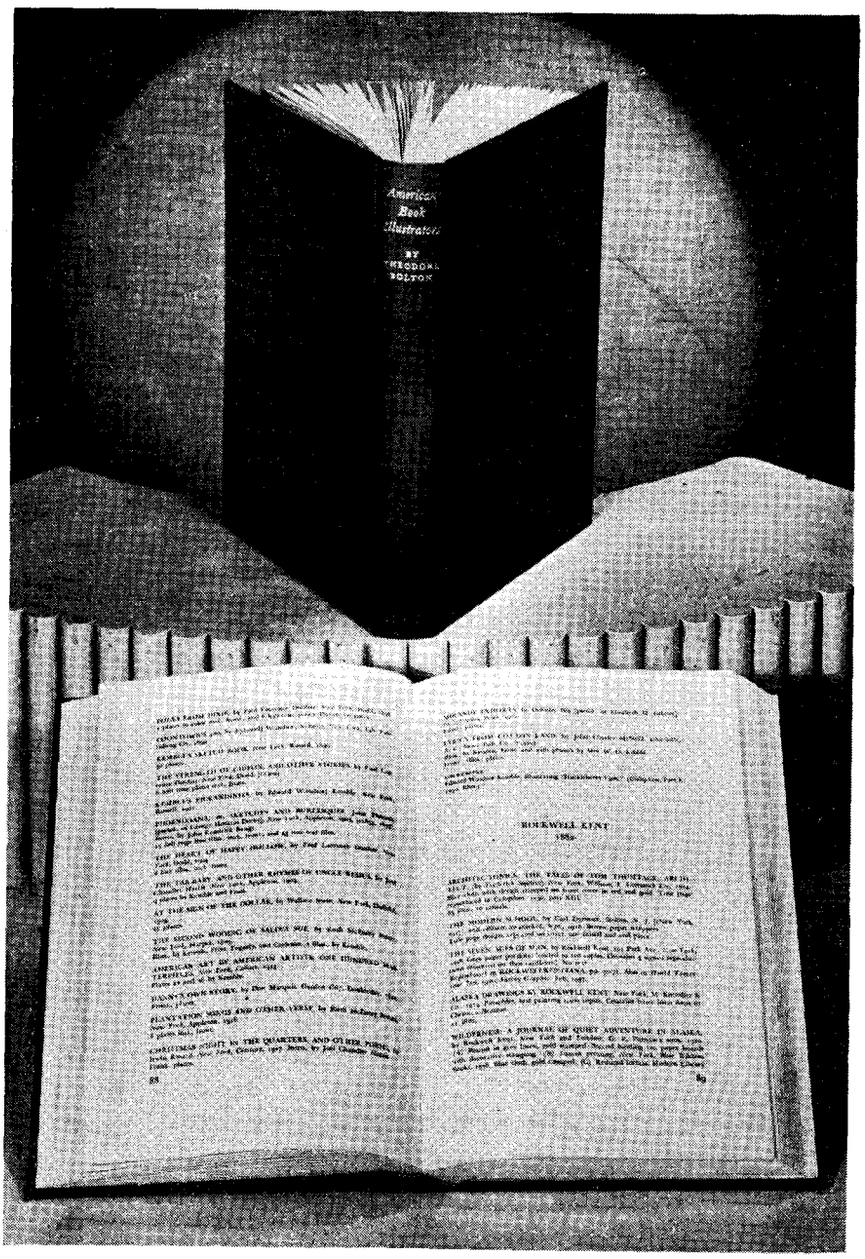
Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE story of the See of Peter has enthralled great historians and seemed to many who read them a promising theme for popular treatment. Popes have been good and bad, wise and foolish. All of them, however, exercised sovereign power over the most extraordinary of human societies—a Church which during centuries governed the minds and hearts of men, and upon occasion also virtually decided what their political and social destinies were to be. To the Vatican there was given the defense of orthodoxy, the opportunity to foster the arts, and even the duty of resisting Caesars and dictators. Popes of every mood and origin have shouldered the burden.

It is strange, perhaps, that no wholly satisfactory history of the Papacy has been written. The great works of Pastor and Schmidlin cover only portions of the narrative, which as a matter of fact seems too vast for any one student to relate. Few of the shorter treatises are more than apologies or attacks. Mr. Farrow is the author of an excellent book about Father Damien. Upon occasion he can write straightforward prose, of a modern journalistic quality. But the principal virtue of his present treatise is one for which he is not responsible—the excellence of fourteen unusual portraits of diverse Popes, by Jean Charlot. Though these copy authentic sources, they are fresh, appealing, and intelligent.

Mr. Farrow's prose is thin and moves across some kind of corrugated wrought iron which makes it singularly lumpy and unsettled. The treatment is reasonably objective, though the apologetic intent is never disguised. Sometimes one encounters an apt and sagacious phrase, for example in the discussion of Henry VIII. On the whole Mr. Farrow seems to prefer jovial Popes and to shy away from dour ones. This preference is indulged also at the expense of Savonarola. There are some whoppers in the book, as when the "Syllabus" is attributed to Pope Pius X.

One infers that Mr. Farrow is a pleasant person, with a deep affection for Catholic belief and history. There is, however, no apparent reason why he should have attempted to write a history of the Papacy, and certainly none why anybody should read the four hundred odd pages he has devoted to the subject.



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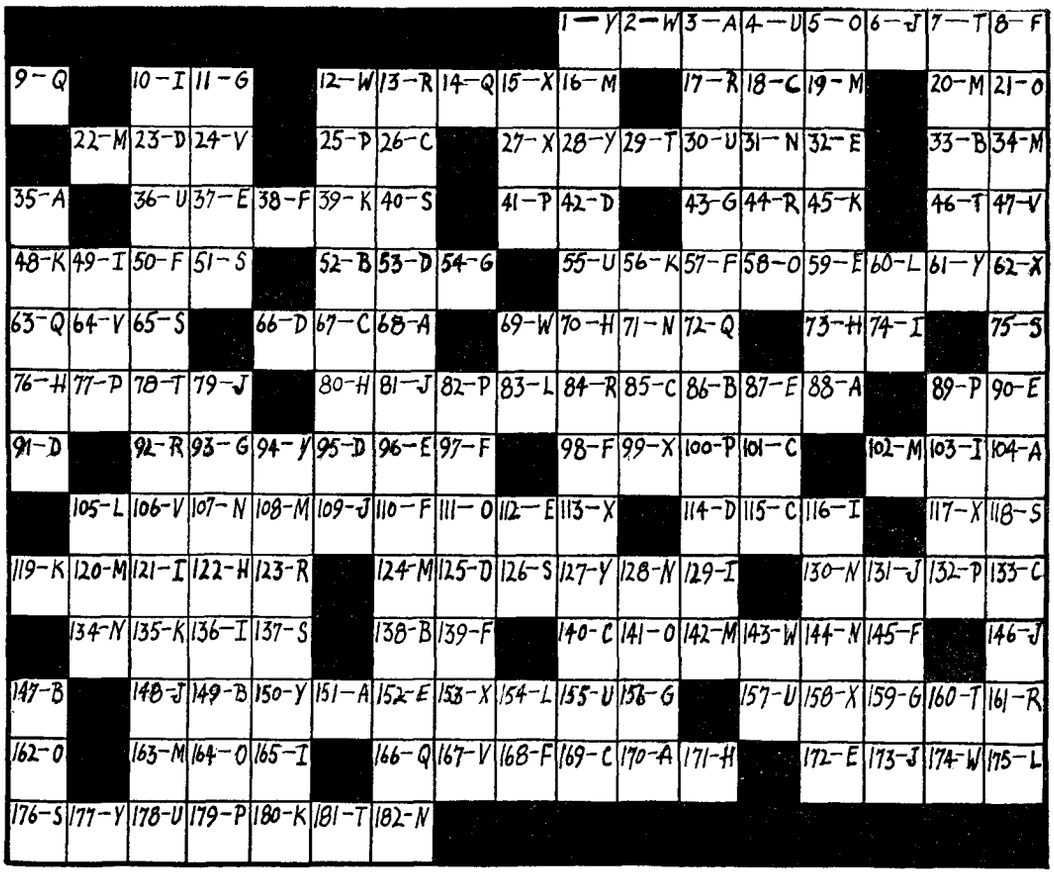

Double-Crostics: No. 452

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Author of the romance on which the opera "Carmen" is based.

B. Italian violinist (1753-1824).

C. Bad diction.

D. Ancient; antique.

E. Prosaic (comp.)

F. The art of dancing.

G. A set speech, as in Greek drama (Gr.)

H. Imitative; onomatopoetic.

I. Of sharp sight (comp.)

J. Imaginary three-horned beasts.

K. A person of some importance (2 wds.; slang).

L. Demonstration of approbation.

M. Pertaining to porridgelike chewed food.

N. A skeleton; Death (fig.)

O. Committed to a course, penalty, etc. (phrase; slang.)

P. Rural.

Q. Sphere; extent; scope.

R. Handsome fanleaf palm of Ceylon, used for umbrellas, fans, paper, starch.

S. Edible.

T. *Act* of 1778 or 1791 restoring civil and religious rights to Roman Catholics in England.

U. Bring to light as by argument.

V. American novelist (1849-1925).

W. Allures; extracts.

X. Applicants for admission.

Y. Takes back openly.

WORDS

88 104 151 3 170 35 68

149 138 147 52 33 86

115 85 133 67 26 18 169 140 101

42 125 66 114 53 95 23 91

172 152 37 90 87 59 112 96 32

98 38 57 50 97 145 139 110 168 8

93 156 54 11 43 159

171 80 70 76 73 122

116 10 49 103 74 121 129 136 165

146 109 173 6 148 81 131 79

135 39 45 56 48 180 119

60 175 105 154 83

120 108 19 102 142 124 34 163 16 20 22

128 71 134 107 130 144 182 31

58 164 162 111 141 5 21

77 82 100 132 179 25 41 89

63 9 166 14 72

123 17 161 84 92 13 44

126 65 40 176 75 118 137 51

29 78 181 7 160 46

30 36 55 155 157 4 178

106 47 64 167 24

12 2 143 69 174

153 99 62 117 27 15 158 113

28 150 1 94 61 127 177

The Crostics Club

THANKS are overdue for many pleasant letters:

Virginia Anderson, Decker, Mont., whom DCs help to keep happy, flat on her back in a sanitarium "where "detective stories are more plentiful than reference books 'but who' grubs away in a mishmash of Eighth Grade Reader recollections and is gradually getting into the peculiar rhythm of my mental processes." (That I have any such rhythm is news to me!) . . . Mrs. Lulu May Gaddis, Claremont, Calif., similarly invalided, who is not only helped by DCs but who concocts elaborate ones herself . . . Dolores Lowe and Vivian Neale, "two awed devotees," whose breezy saga last summer told how, cut off from radio and newspaper in an Audubon Nature Camp in Maine, they discovered recreation in the DCs of six old *SRLs* and mastered the art sufficiently to send me one of their own—"an opening up of a new intellectual path although we sometimes fear it leads to insanity." . . . C. Castle, Santa Barbara, Calif., who took heart when he learned that "many of the intelligentsia use a table of reference books while I was plugging along without even a dictionary, thinking that was the way it should be done. At the same time I feel a bit sorry for those who have never had glimpses of imaginary works of art-dreamy wisps of a literature that exists only for those who plug along on two definitions we'll swear by, with a couple more to swear at and take out thrice," etc: . . . Elizabeth Wood, Germantown, Pa., who "has no quarrel with new and strange words but I like least what is called slang and I have yet to meet one of your slang words which I ever heard used and I have had years of contact with children in school." (Of course she hasn't among children—my slang is not in random use but is adultly expressive and will some day cease to be called slang.) . . . Louise Trueblood, Freeport, Ill., who writes that "she's cursed with a champagne appetite for DCs and a beer pocket-book ability to solve them." . . . C. R. Hinchman, Bryn Mawr, Pa., who does not mind obsolete words but who does object to wasting time over misspelled words. (Right, you are, say I!) But perhaps our errors may be in part condoned, when they stir the Muse to activity as in C. Ruutz's

You put me off with an E
An E where it oughtn't to be;
Of * ancient fame is the *Wedgwood* name
But *Wedgewood* has no pedigree!

or this from W. H. Mann, Cleveland, O.:

Wedgwood with E
Appears to be
Confirmed by nary
A Dictionary.

E. S. K.

*Webster gives Josiah Wedgwood, the potter, as of *1730-'95!*

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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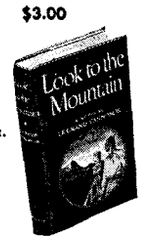

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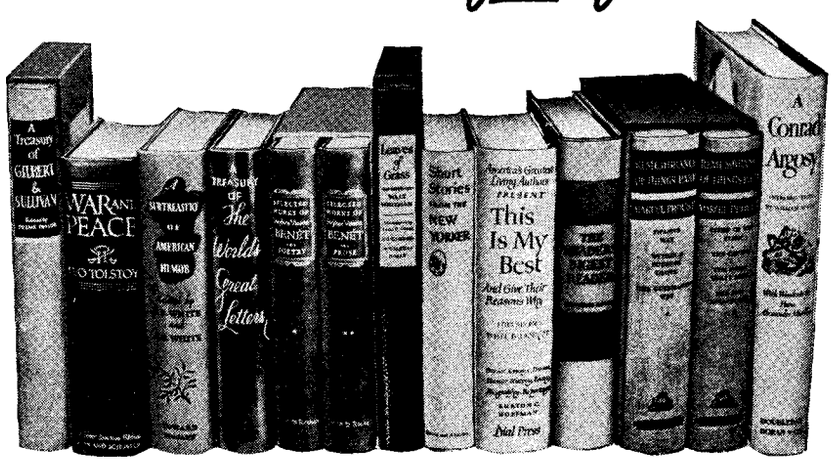
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